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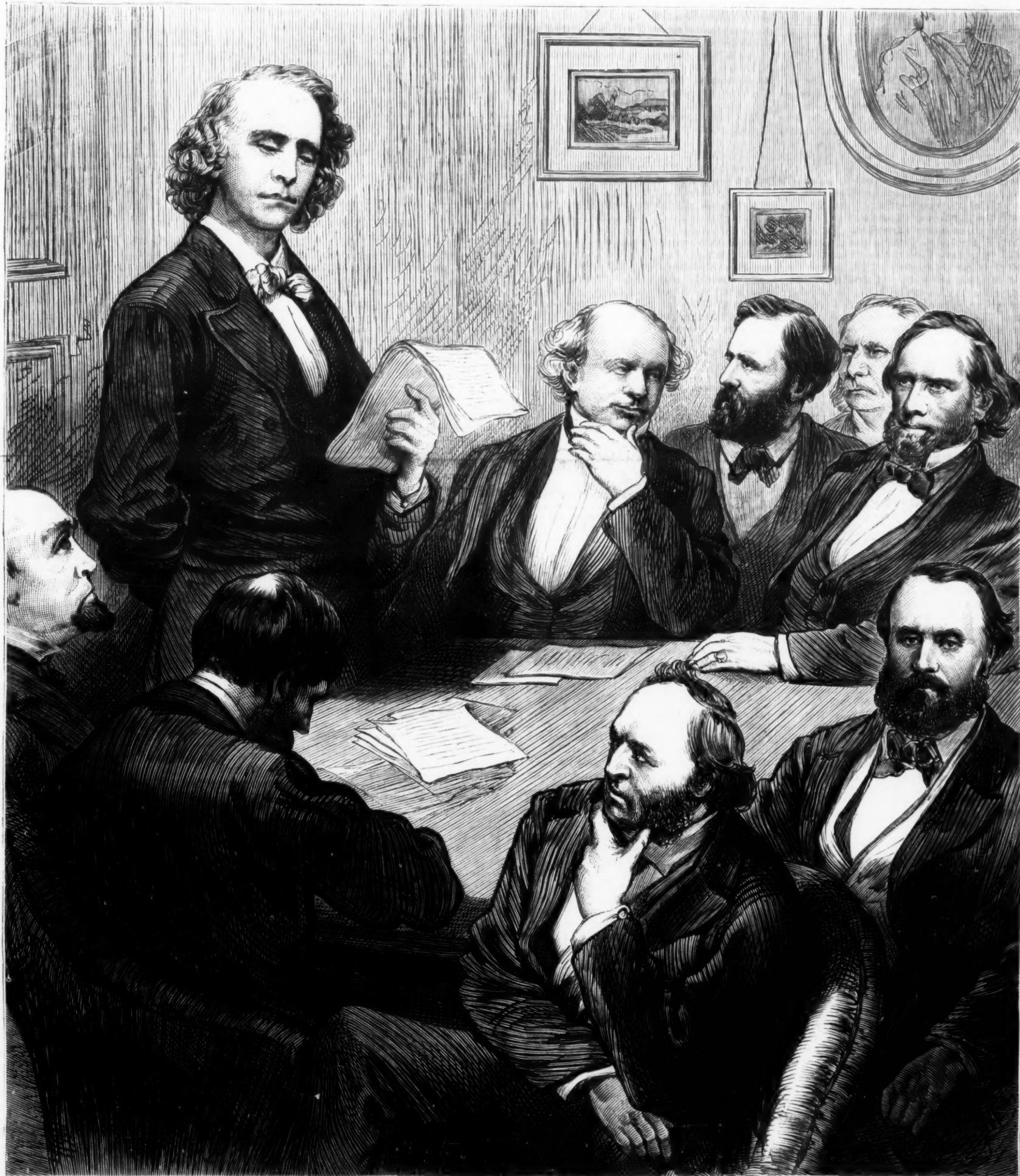
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 984—Vol. XXXVIII.]

NEW YORK, AUGUST 8, 1874.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]



THE BEECHER-TILTON CASE.

THEODORE TILTON READING HIS STATEMENT TO THE COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH, AT THE RESIDENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS STORRS, BROOKLYN.—SEE PAGE 342.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 8, 1874.

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One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
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One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

Mr. B. L. Farjeon has finished a serial story entitled,

"AT THE SIGN OF THE SILVER FLAGON."

which will soon be published in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. We may say, that of all of Mr. Farjeon's stories, this new one is the best.

REPUBLICANISM—1874.

WE do not share the opinion of those critics who absurdly believe that the Congressional Committee, in their Address to the people, should have elaborated the points of Republican failure and suppressed the facts of Republican success. And leaving out of view that it is not in the nature of party committees to belittle themselves and praise their opponents, there was good political and rhetorical reason for the Republican Committee to institute a comparison between the records of the two parties. Since that day when the flag fluttered down at Sumter a new generation of voters has arisen. Many thousands of foreigners have become citizens, and while they have great interest in the present and the future of the Republic, they have little knowledge of the history of the United States under the Democratic régime. So, too, there are young men, native-born, who, becoming dissatisfied with the present aspect of politics, are ready to say, sentimentally and without reason, that we should return to the good old Democratic days. In order to convince them that a "return" is not the political desideratum, the Congressional Committee, with considerable skill and in a popular manner, have written the history of Democratic government immediately preceding the Republican rule. To do so, was, in all regards, perfectly justifiable. Many men had forgotten or did not know how weak the old Democratic régime was; while the history of the Republican Party is comparatively fresh in our minds. And, if, upon criticism of the Address, the Democratic Party shows the least lovable record, the fault is easily traced to that party itself.

We do not pretend to any unusual skill in reading the signs of the times; but there is popular testimony to convince most of us that the Republican Party has not lost its claim upon the regard of a majority of American voters. Its enemies as well as its friends may rest assured that it is still a very strong party. True, there is a popular desire, hinted at in the Address, that there should be a new party; that is, a party which shall be radical, progressive, sentimental, having great men and strong ideas in advance of it; and, moreover, a party which shall convince the masses that there can be no more opportunities for personal abuse of political privileges. It would be vain to say that when people define their wishes in this respect they do not find reason for complaining of the Republican Party. When the old Democratic and the Republican Parties are contrasted, the latter undoubtedly claims highest respect. But when popular intelligence compares the Republican Party with the Ideal Party, the former suffers. But not so greatly as moralists may imagine. There is ready a sentiment which if developed and organized, as Hoche developed and organized the French sentiment in the Rhine army, would claim the support of every well-meaning, unpartisan American, from cold Penobscot to the warm waters of the Golden Gate. This sentiment now fixes itself, rather indefinitely, to be sure, upon the vague, romantic personality of Newton Booth. But this latent Ideal Party has had no constructive impulse, no immediate prospect of bearing the bright, consummate flower, success.

The reason is that the Ideal Party must consist of some undefined portion of the "old" Republican Party, and that leaders remain with the old organization. If the Ideal Party really comes, it must be constructed out of the Republican Party, as the Republican Party was an outgrowth mainly of the Whig Party. There can be, then, only a change of name, and a leaving behind of certain objectionable Republicans. Two parties must exist—the Democratic and that other which may be called Republican or Independent. The question is, what action shall fulfill the ideal?

The charges made against the Republican Party, that the abuses of government during its reign are of its own creation, or have grown up under its own rule, are, in many respects, unfounded and unjust. We are tiring of that sort of argument which has its illustration in the monster of Frankenstein, which

when he had created it, turned and devoured him. The most glorious records require elisions. Washington held slaves, dramatic old Chatham committed blunders, and St. Peter, the founder of a Church, let slip three whapping oaths before it was possible for him to carry the keys. The Republican system is a vast one; and abuses must have crept in. But those abuses have been exaggerated. The Republican Party could not have provided against Colfax's little check; and we think that party is more honestly disposed to rectify abuses in 1874 than the Democratic Party was in 1860. After all, very little has been stolen. Jayne oppressed the merchants; but Jayne was an excrescence as unexpected to the best Republicans as he was to the Democrats. Sanborn was a frailty; but what would Denny Burns, or Tony Miller, or John Fox have been? There have been small men—Richardson, Davenport, Murphy—but in politics small men get into large places; and we hope they will be shoved out. If the Democrats had been in power, "small men" would have been no name for the innovating rabble. We are making no excuse for Republican failures. We have been strong in condemning them. But if any comparison is to be made, we are willing to agree with the Republican Address. The problem to our minds is this: Since there is no third party in existence, will the reforms come from the Republican or from the Democratic Party? We have no evidence that they will come from the Democratic.

The Republican Party, we repeat, remains strong. So far, it is the only progressive party. But its future is by no means assured, because, while the Address is practical, and we are bound to say admirable, it does not touch the sentiment which longs for something better than that which we have had. Let us admit that General Grant's administration has sometimes been unreasonably criticised, that alleged corruption of official position has not always been proved, that much-abused men have frequently suffered for doing right—mind, we do not claim it, but only for the sake of argument admit it—and there still remain two things for the Republican Party, if it is not bent upon suicide, to do. First, compel every soul of the wrong-doers, whether under Lincoln's or Grant's administration, to remove so far that the party may not even be threatened by them. Second, capture by fair means that underlying popular sentiment which glamourised Fremont, rallied for Lincoln, generously supported Grant, and, having barely escaped Chase, dwelt for a while over the prestige of Adams, and now, distracted, lingers lightly, indeed, but meaningfully, over that oft-recurring name of Newton Booth. The people are watching and waiting. Let us quote for a suggestion to the writers of the Address these words from Dante:

"—Presently there met us a band of souls, lying along the margin, and each looked at us, as men are wont to pry at evening under the new moon, sharpening their eyebrows fixedly at us, like an old tailor at a needle's eye."

SKELETONS OF THE IDEAL.

IF the old truism about every man having a skeleton in his closet could be particularly ascribed to men of genius, it would receive a new significance. Our best poets, novelists, and even divines, if they have not had a monopoly of the skeleton business, have at least enjoyed the larger share of it. There was Lord Byron, for instance, whose verse was in the main the record of his overpowering passions and his guilty loves. In recent years there was the example of Charles Dickens treating with contempt the wife of his youth. Earlier than either of these cases was the marvelous selfishness of Dean Swift, who made the devotion of Stella and Vanessa the playthings of a lifetime. Turn where we may, we find men of genius worshipping the ideals they had set up for themselves, or quaking with fear over the skeletons into which their ideals have turned. Both Beecher and Tilton are standing over the grave of a buried ideal, and the great "Brooklyn sorrow" is made hideous by the frantic attempts to bring the skeleton from its grave.

The question naturally recurs in such a case as this: Why is it that literary men, and especially the most highly endowed among literary men, so often forsake the wives of their youth for some other ideal or affinity? The answer seems to be in a single fact, namely, that the faithful wife seldom shares the intellectual growth of a gifted husband. She either stands still and worships the mighty man as he grows, or she pricks him to the quick with a sharp tongue for no other offense than not being as coarse as she is herself. He, on the other hand, looks down upon her with disdain in either event, and seeks to clothe some physical nature with the ideal charms and graces of a noble womanhood. It is usually a very sorry as well as a very sorrowful business. The man seldom becomes absorbed in his ideal sufficiently to worship it, or even to be true to it. The first sad disappointment of his life in the woman whose undeveloped girlishness touched his boyish heart clings to him to blast every other aspiration. It is easy to tear an unfaithful wife out of the affections, but the image of a poor wronged girl, whose only fault is the incapacity to grow with her lord, and to expand before him so as to give constant joy to his quickened soul, is

not so easily swept into the oblivion of forgetfulness. The ideal, too, becomes a skeleton, and then the poor man can take up Tilton's lines and say:

"I now am all bereft—
As when some tower doth fall,
With battlements and wall
And gate and bridge and all—
And nothing left."

With woman it is not often so. There are few Hester Prynnes among them, wearing the scarlet letter on their bosoms and setting it aglow with heroism by the colors of a deft embroidery. The Dimmesdales, we fear, are more frequent, hiding their crimes in the heroic sufferings of womanhood. Catharine Gaunt is the more usual type of an absorbing love in a woman. Such was Swift's Stella. Such, according to her own showing, is Elizabeth Tilton. To make such women possible, it is necessary that a high intellectual nature, either devout or poetic, should captivate and mislead them. It is then that the sentiment of Boncicault's line exerts its power over them, and they feel, even if they never say, "I have another life I long to meet." There is a struggle, and they fall or they are cured. If they fall, they are for ever undone, even though society cannot scourge them, for it is the heart that has yielded, and it breaks when it is tread upon. With men, in such a case, it is the imagination which misleads, and the search after the ideal continues even when the capacity to recognize an ideal is lost, distorted, brutalized. A woman's skeleton of the ideal is pure to the end—the more absorbing the love the holier is the memory of the passion; but with a man it is a feverish sentiment, fitful sympathy and fearful hate. Dimmesdale cannot endure to stand in the pillory, though Brother Leonard may find a religious pleasure in winning the affections of another's wife. Husbands like Mr. Tilton, may learn

"—Too late,
How mated minds unmate,"

but if the duties of life were more clearly understood, if men of genius could know that the affection of a woman is one thing, and literary sympathy another, few poets would sing as Tilton sung:

"I clasped a woman's breast,
As if her heart I knew,
Or fancied, would be true,
Who proved—alas, she too!—
False like the rest."

Unfortunately, too, the stern reality is utterly unlike the fiction. In George Eliot's women there is a glamour of the aspirations which beset the paths of men—ideals like those which men create to people their closets with skeletons. In her life, Mrs. Lewes is not utterly unworthy of her heroines, for she at least tries to make her husband feel that his is not the inferior genius. Poor Dickens was her opposite—a snob without a heart, vain, remorseless, pitiless. In "David Copperfield" he first showed where the shoe began to pinch, but the requirements of his art made it necessary that "the child-wife" of fiction should die. The wife of fact was no such delicious picture of simple love and standstill life, but a woman whose tongue was sharpened the more she was despised. And this man of genius chafed because she could not appreciate his fame, and he never tried to make her feel that she still had his love, even though she had no sympathy with his life. Dickens's example is the example of all; but most men go further, and give themselves up to courting ideals, and most women yield to an absorbing love.

In common life, where husband and wife are physical and unintellectual equals, the ideal seldom becomes distinct. One person or the other seeks some indefinite remedy for dissatisfaction. But with genius the gulf between the actual and the ideal is a source of eternal woe. Mrs. Casaubon, in "Middlemarch," had an abstract ideal, but never an ideal, until Ladislaw came to her in the lightning flash as one who was not parchment-dried Casaubon and one who was her ideal. It is no crime of the commoner nature that it does not fulfill the dream of the higher. Xantippe was not the fault of Xantippe, but the curse of Socrates. It is not every Abelard who may find his Heloise. Genius reads life between the lines: is impatient, moody, aspiring; and we trace all the faults of Shakespeare to an attempt to please the smug-loving crowd which gave his family its bread. We do not blame genius for its ideals; we, the rather, praise it for attempts to do its duty to the actual, sacrificing this bit of human poesy, smothering that ache of love after marriage, laboring and longing while carrying its troubles under a smile, and like Beecher wishing it were dead. We common people outrage genius more than we know, demanding that it shall live upon us alone, never having the unhappy sagacity to see that if we cannot get up to its dream, and perhaps to its practical joy, if we had only the ability—we are trying to pull it down. Those who have read "Middlemarch" will know that Mrs. Casaubon, with her great possibilities, was either to be pulled down to the ashen thought of Casaubon or rise to the ideal which Ladislaw filled. Painters have been known to have their wives for models of the Virgin, and Mrs. Tilton had Theodore for a likeness of Christ; but how many have failed in this respect, and were sad!

The Tilton case is more remarkable than any tale ever told in fiction—as intense as

"The Scarlet Letter"—but showing a woman, whatever her sin, as devout as Catharine Gaunt, a clergyman hovering between the simplicity of Brother Leonard and the painful reserve of the unfortunate Dimmesdale, and a husband not so earnestly jealous as Griffith Gaunt but more sternly unforgiving than Roger Chillingworth. It is with all of them the sacrifice of the ideal and the revelation of the skeleton. The story is the most marvelous commentary in all history on human passion and selfishness, and whether or not there was sin in the relations of these people, all of them sinned grievously in this, that they have wronged themselves and wronged humanity by their folly.

"WHOM THE CAP FITS," ETC.

STRIKING a B line between the kindred subjects, Hydrophobia and the "Third Term," we come to poets, and to a certain style of hat. Few literary men have ever doubted their own powers—poets, never! For, although the latter may at times have some slight misgivings as to the success of this divine effusion or that, these simply arise from the low estimate which they very properly set upon the judgment of the vast numbers who are mere drudges of prose, or those who deal in clear, cool common sense only. In the regions of poetry, where delicate and sensitive organizations find the highest modes of expression, it is uncomfortable to be hustled to the wall by presumptuous and boisterous critics or interlopers who set up with impunity their own standards. In science, and in other departments of human learning, where demonstration is the touchstone of success, judgments can be formed readily and with accuracy; but in poetry the case is widely different; for here eternal fame is an accident that has never been fully accounted for yet; although we all profess to comprehend it to the fullest extent. So that if ever a poet has consigned to the flames or oblivion a single stanza that has fallen from his pen—a supposition which we totally repudiate—it is because he shrank from letting the priceless gem drop into the coarse, dirty hand of this prosaic world.

The day of great men in poesy, however, seems to have passed away. We have become too familiar with such glorious orbs as Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Moore, Holmes, Longfellow, and others, to be ever again startled by any meteor that may chance to flash athwart our sky. Were the muse to visit General Butler or the White House even, we should scarcely raise an applauding hand. No! we are now up to every flavor of the soda-fountains of the sublime and the beautiful, from lemon to strawberry, and must seek for pleasurable excitement in some other direction, if even among the bowie-knives and pistols of politics.

But if Poetry has ascended its "three pair back" to its native garret, and if its sister has got her *quietus* from Wagner, there are other sources of amusement open to us irrespective of Barnum's, the Colosseum or Coney Island. We have the *Sunday Herald*, and the wanting link in our chain of hats; for, permit us to observe that, generally complete as the American wardrobe is, it has hitherto been deficient in this relation; and no one is more alive to the fact than that Jupiter of the Fourth Estate to whom we shall yet be indebted for the North Pole.

In overhauling our head-gear, we find the Plug, the Stovepipe, the Swiss, the Spanish, with high crown and gay ribbons, the brimless Caubeen, with a dhudeen for a bit of peacock's feather, the villainous Slouch worn by most newspaper reporters, and the Straw, Chip and Panama, so rare when we are a hundred degrees in the shade. But, among all these there is not a solitary one of the shape and color necessary to perfect the stock. In short, we have not a single red hat in this country! And, now, the cat is out of the bag! This very important and lamentable circumstance is owing to the fact that the article is produced in Rome only, and by a firm who refuse to sell patent rights, or to let their trade-mark or manufacture pass out of their hands.

It is an error on the part of some people to suppose that the Seventy Cardinals who compose the cabinet and spiritual body-guard of the Pope must necessarily be chosen from among the Roman Catholic clergy, and that the Church has not a single sop to throw to "the children of the world." There is no institution, human or divine, without a safety-valve, and the Church has got hers with regard to the creation of Cardinals; for where she is embarrassed in the case of two rival clerical interests, with equal claims to distinction, she claps the red hat upon the head of some pious and distinguished layman, and the difficulty is solved in a jiffy.

This being the case, then, and as an American Cardinal seems inevitable, there is some chance of seeing the red hat worthily bestowed outside "the cloth"; for the rival interests within its sacred precincts are not likely to be harmonized where there are so many aspirants. A layman we are sure to have, and who is he to be? Don't all speak at once! We anticipate your choice and endorse it heartily! He is a good talker, good walker, good drinker, good thinker, good yachter, good plotter, good gunner—a stunner, and what's more, he knows some cardinal points already

of great value—those of the compass, for example, the cardinal numbers, and one or two at least of the cardinal virtues, as the starving multitudes who visited the soup-houses last Winter, in this city, can attest. He is evidently the man for Galilee for Rome, we mean; and in case of his success, of which there can be scarcely a shadow of doubt, won't it be glorious to meet him in his red hat some fine morning, swinging his arms in the usual slashing style, while heading a ten-mile walking match to the utter discomfiture of all the lawyers in the city? Won't Rome be going ahead, then? Yes, verily!

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

GOOD PREACHING, but no visiting.

THE NEXT CONGRESS will contain many old-time Southerners.

INDIANS, from their reservations, should send delegates to Congress.

C. C. FULTON, of the Baltimore American, is raven about Childs's monument to Poe.

THE CORN CROP has increased two million acres, and yet farmers will complain if prices are thereby lowered.

"PASSION," says La Rochefoucauld, "often makes a fool of the ablest man, and an able man of the most foolish."

WE DO NOT KNOW why the reporters will call such a fire as that at Chicago a "holocaust," unless on account of the expense.

IF HENRY WARD BEECHER is as innocent as a lamb, why did he want to die for being, as he said, a worse man than Theodore Tilton?

THEODORE TILTON's cross-examination before Mr. Beecher's committee is interesting because of its strong elaboration and study of character by Mr. Tilton.

SAN FRANCISCO claims that she will have 300,000 inhabitants within the next six years. Thus, Horace Greeley's prediction about the second metropolis of America is being justified.

"READER."—Yes, we find the position of Independent editor very pleasant. We are not requested to contribute either to the Republican or to the Democratic campaign fund.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL has been painted in oil, and in the eyes of the English critics the most remarkable part of the representation is that it has seventy figures in it. Of which most amounted to naught.

WENDELL PHILLIPS has been appointed by Governor Talbot, of Massachusetts, as a Commissioner in Lunacy. This is a good appointment. We remember that some years ago Mr. Phillips sat, in a letter, on Theodore Tilton.

C. C. VALANDIGHAM is characterized by the Chattanooga Times as "a pestilent, cowardly brawler." Mr. Valandigham may or may not be advocating secession in that bourn whence no traveler returns; but the Times must mean Melchisedek or Belphegor.

THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY has rejected by an almost even vote the Bill for the establishment of a Constitutional Republic. Therefore Marshal MacMahon is to be Dictator for seven years, when a vote will be taken to define the form of the future French Government—the Empire.

SENATOR GORDON of Georgia denies that he ever claimed any extraordinary intimacy with General Grant, and says that he knows nothing of the President's political ambition. This sounds very much like calling the newspaper interviewer a liar. Still, we would not gag the Press. The Press seems to have "gags" enough of its own.

WHAT RIGHT had General Tracy, Mr. Beecher's counsel, before the Plymouth Church Committee, to ask Theodore Tilton whether he had ever committed adultery? Was that any of the Committee's business? Suppose Mr. Tilton had gone wrong with Mrs. Woodhull and a hundred others, would that be an excuse for Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton to do so once?

BENJAMIN MORAN, Secretary of the American Legation at London, declines the office of Third Assistant Secretary of State, which was offered to him by President Grant. Mr. Moran fulfills all the Civil Service demands made by Mr. Curtis, but the position offered him at Washington does not compare, either in social or political honor, with that which he holds in England.

MR. A. M. THOMSON, recently editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel, is writing for the New York Tribune and the Chicago Tribune. The Sentinel now attacks him, but Mr. Thomson puts his foot into the mesh by allowing the inference that Senator Carpenter really is behind the Sentinel. One word to the Sentinel: If you do not like FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, do not steal its articles.

MRS. TILTON'S STATEMENT was remarkable for its peculiar style of writing. There are those like the cool men of the Times who call it stilted; and the Herald, which possesses two very fine writers and critics of style, thinks ill of it. But Mrs. Tilton, besides being a *spirituelle* woman, has been wrought upon by sickness and obliquity; and it seems to us that there is but one other person who could have written that statement—we mean Robert Browning.

BENEDICT ARNOLD, who lived in England after his treachery, has descendants who live on his estate in that country. A writer says that the estate and the seat of the family is Little Missenden Abbey, Buckinghamshire, a property which had, previous to the Reformation, belonged to the Church. Arnold received from the British Government several grants of land in Canada, one of them being situated near what is now the city of Toronto; this, after being held by the family for a long series of years, has recently become of great value. The present Edward Gladwin Arnold inherited it from his father, who came into possession of it on the death of his

elder brother, General James Robertson Arnold. Whatever may have been the failing of Arnold, there is no denying the fact that his sons and grandsons were high-minded and honorable men. Edwin Gladwin Arnold, the present head of the family, is a clergyman of the Church of England, and Rector of Barrow, in Cheshire.

MR. ARCH and his labor reformers in agriculture avow their determination to resist the employment of women. Mr. Arch is capable of this ungallant conduct; but we know a plenty of modest Americans who not only allow women in general, but their own wives in particular, to split wood, black boots, and carry in coal in a manner that would indicate that if there was any fighting going on at the polls, they would have the women do that also. But shall women vote? Never, never, never.

IN CASE SENATOR CARPENTER should disappear as a candidate in Wisconsin, the names of four gentlemen would immediately appear as claimants for the Senatorial succession, whom an exchange classifies: Ex-Governor C. C. Washburn, who was ten years a Representative in Congress, and for one term Governor of the State; the Hon. Luther S. Dixon, for fifteen years Chief-Justice of the State; the Hon. Otis H. Waldo, who was a prominent candidate against Carpenter for the Senatorship, and General Lucius Fairchild, who served two years as Secretary of State, and six years as Governor, and whose valuable services on the field of battle, as well as in the Executive chair, have not been forgotten by the people of Wisconsin.

THE HALF-CIVILIZED PEOPLES are likely to give future trouble to the nations of which they are colonists. For example, we have a story that the native gun manufacturers of India would soon out-ride the British workmen themselves, if the Government at Calcutta did not think that for political reasons this was a branch of industry not to be encouraged in the native Indian subjects of England. Such was the opinion expressed by Lord Mayo, who, having lately shown an Enfield rifle converted into a Snider, by a village blacksmith of Sealkote. The "job" was done to such perfection that it was difficult to detect the difference between the Government Sniders and the one manufactured by the native Sealkote blacksmith, though he had himself to make the whole of the breech-piece, including springs.

HUNTER, WISE, STUART, SMITH, LETCHER and BOCKO are about all left of those who in old times were foremost in Virginia politics. Hunter is now State Treasurer, at \$2,000 a year. He was at one time a prominent candidate for President of the United States, and was Senator from Virginia. Under the Confederacy he was a Senator and the Secretary of State. Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, Secretary of the Interior under Fillmore, is now a member of the House of Delegates of the State. Hon. Thomas S. Bocko, once Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, later, Speaker of the Confederate House, is now practicing law in Lynchburg. Smith and Letcher were both well known in Congress in their day. The latter was the "War Governor" of Virginia. All the above are looking towards Congress.

VERY YOUNG LADIES who are crazy for a man—we mean, to be married early—must be told that early marriages are amongst the chief causes which retard the progress of the educational movement in the East, and an author mentions an instance (quoted from an Arabic journal, the *Jennah* of Beyrout, where it is adduced as a triumphant proof of the fecundity of Syria) of a young woman married at nine and a half years old, who became a grandmother at twenty! This author wishes to educate Eastern women. To induce such matrons to attend school must be a rather difficult task. As straws show which way the wind blows, so a chance idiom affords the best index to the character and morale of the nation using it. Thus, in Syria, it is usual to accompany the mere mention of a woman with the apologetic remark, *ajallak allah*, equivalent to our own expression, "saving your presence, sir." Could anything testify more strongly to the degraded position which the mothers, wives and daughters of the country occupy?

THE PRESIDENT'S SUMMER "LOAF" has also its hard side; and if any argument were desirable for showing that his vacation is not a bed of roses, the Army Reunion at Paterson, N. J., last week would furnish one. It is not to be supposed that a man of Grant's character would gladly ride through many streets, shake many hundred hands, sit and look at many thousands of country-people, and be talked at by many dozens of staid and solemn men bent on furnishing him if they could with at least one drink and one good regalia cigar. He did it all out of pure magnanimity, pleased a great number of women and children, civilly addressed several bitter Democrats, and went home with a sense of having served for one hot day those who were anxious to see him. After all, it is quite well that a President should go among his people, as Washington, Jackson and Van Buren did; and those who remember that Louis Napoleon, after the bloody day of September, rode down the streets of Paris in red breeches and blue coat, may know that our President did more modestly, and only lifted his hat.

EX-SECRETARY OF TREASURY McCULLOCH, now a London banker, has been home, in Indiana, on a visit for several weeks. He was interviewed on the financial question, and expressed his belief that the new financial Bill would have very little effect upon the business interests of the country. He favors the adoption of a policy looking towards a speedy resumption of specie payment, and opposes any further inflation of the currency. The present tariff he regards as unjust and oppressive in many respects, and favors a strictly revenue tariff. He indorses the financial views set forth in the Grant-Jones memorandum, and wishes the Government had adopted them years ago. He denounces the policy advocated in the platform of the recent Indiana Democratic Convention of paying off the five-twenties in greenbacks, as the first step towards repudiation and national dishonor. He thinks the war against the present national banking

system unwise and impolitic, and that the system should not be abandoned until a better one is devised. He expresses a preference for national bank notes over Treasury notes as a circulating medium, inasmuch as the latter are always under the control of the party in power, who may inflate or contract at pleasure, thus disarranging the business interests of the country at will.

SPIRITUALISM—LATENT THOUGHT.—An English writer says that a gentleman, who was at the time a believer in the "spiritual" agency of his table, assured Mr. Dibdin that he had raised a good spirit instead of evil ones—that, namely, of Edward Young, the poet. The "spirit" having been desired to prove his identity by citing a line of his poetry, the table spelled out, "Man was not made to question, but adore." "Is that in your 'Night Thoughts'?" was then asked. "No." "Where is it, then?" The reply was "J-o-n." Not being familiar with Young's poems, the questioner did not know what this meant; but the next day he bought a copy of them; and at the end of "Night Thoughts" he found a paraphrase of the book of Job, the last line of which is, "Man was not made to question, but adore." Of course he was very much astonished; but not long afterwards he came to Mr. Dibdin, and assured him that he had satisfied himself that the whole thing was a delusion—numerous answers he had obtained being obviously the results of an influence unconsciously exerted on the table by those who had their hands upon it; and when asked by Mr. Dibdin how he accounted for the dictation of the line by the spirit of Young, he very honestly confessed, "Well, the fact is, I must tell you, that I had the book in my house all the time, although I bought another copy; and I found that I had read it before. My opinion is that it was a latent idea, and that the table brought it out."

ENGLISH LABORERS are beginning to fraternize with the farmers, and Mr. J. C. Cox believes that great political results are likely to follow. This feeling has culminated at Manchester in the effective demonstration made by the trade unionists of Lancashire, Yorkshire and Cheshire. "The dense mass of spectators that greeted the procession at every yard of the miles of streets that were traversed has never been paralleled, either in numbers or enthusiasm, even in a royal progress; and they were huddled together by any mere display or warlike procession by the simple desire of expressing their overpowering sympathy with the laborers in their strife. For the first time in the history of this nation, the laborers of the town and country are beginning to recognize the community of their interests. The peasantry are admitted to the great trades' councils, with the miners of the North and the mechanics of the metropolis vie with each other in the rendering of help. To what this will lead in the future, who can tell? The French Government refused to redress the grievances of the French peasants, and the peasants answered by abolishing the Government. Ernest Jones, in one of his last speeches, said, 'to justify rebellion, two considerations are indispensable: firstly, there must be an intolerable grievance; and, secondly, every moral, legal and constitutional means must have been exhausted before the sword is drawn.' The grievance is intolerable, the legal and moral means have been exhausted; we now crave the constitutional, that is, the franchise."

"PHILOCRATUS."—Yes; we do believe that journalists very frequently tell deliberate and diabolical lies merely to do harm to some personal enemy, or to bring some public official to cigars and champagne. Indeed, between the lies and the hole which the cigars and champagne make in their pockets, very many public men have a hard life. But most of the lies really proceed from ignorance. When an editor does not know about a matter, and thinks he must write about it, he makes a guess. If he hits, he is lucky and great. If he misses, he finds out that he has lied. Then he spends the rest of his life trying to convince the world that the lie is a truth and the truth a lie. Look on the third-term question. Grant has never given his opinion on the subject, and he probably knows that he could not get the office. Yet men, instead of calculating the chances of its being thrust upon him, like the crown at Caesar in the Lupercal, say that he is actually wanting it. Take Carpenter's case of the Presidency of the Senate. He was chosen by his caucus without difficulty. Yet the newspapers say that he was bitterly opposed. Take Shepherd's case when nominated to the District Governorship—bad as he may have been. There was not the least attempt made to talk for time, but only an endeavor to put him on record. Yet the papers said that there was nothing but filibustering. Take the case of Senator Thurman in a recent speech of which the correspondents said he timidly avoided declaring Democratic sentiments. Yet when the verbatim speech came to hand, it appeared that he had laid down strong historical Democratic principles. Nor have abuses been confined to politicians. How often have we all seen stories that the editor of the *Times* whips his wife; that the editor of the *Tribune* has done thus and so; that William Cullen Bryant is a receiver of stolen goods; that the editor of the *Chicago Tribune* is a social swineherd; and that the editor of the *World* received eighty thousand dollars for taking down the name of Blair! Mr. "Philocratus," we want liberty, but not license, for the Press. We shall not be put under the politicians, but we do not ask that the politicians shall be abjectly subject to us. We hope the politicians will preserve their own liberty as well as ours; though, for that matter, we are able to take care of ourselves.

PROFESSOR CAIRNES is probably the ablest living political economist, and his opinions on trades unions are worth having. He believes that the larger pretensions of trades unionists cannot be sustained. They may, indeed, change the distribution of the wages fund; but add to it they cannot. They may alter wages before competition has actually become operative. They may accelerate the operation of economic conditions. Permanently

alter them, trades unions cannot. Their rule as to limitation of apprentices do not affect population as a whole; they merely curtail the supply within a certain area; they are therefore inadequate. They set up obstacles to production; they "make work," as the phrase is. But in "making work" they reduce the fund wherewith wages are paid; they diminish that large aggregate capital indispensable to a progressive society; and, as we understand Professor Cairnes, his advice to the workingmen of England is not to look to trades unions for any large improvement of their lot, but rather labor to transform themselves into capitalists. Co-operation is, in his opinion, the sole path by which the laboring classes as a whole can hope to emerge from helplessness. To attain this goal, they must learn to save; to devote to their business a portion of the vast sum which they squander on drink; to learn forbearance and trust in their superiors in intelligence. Equipped with these virtues and trained in this school, the co-operator will be in a position analogous to that of the peasant proprietor, who deriving his subsistence from a well-defined fund, makes a point of limiting his household, and is a practical Malthusian, though ignorant of the name of Malthus.

A FRENCH REPUBLIC, according to a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, is impossible, and he considers that the impediments which stand in the way of a durable French republic are threefold, "which," he says, "I classify in a progressive order of magnitude: (1) political, (2) moral, (3) social. By the political impediment I mean one arising from the distribution and composition of parties in France. The difficulties under this head are not necessarily very serious in kind, though they may be so in degree. They are precisely the difficulties with which statesmanship has to deal, and belong to a class of phenomena which are highly susceptible to the modifying influence of the human intellect and will. Hence, though they may present great obstacles, these need not be insurmountable. The moral difficulty is graver, as it springs from the national temperament of the French people. This all but escapes the action of statesmen, or yields only to modification applied over long periods of time. The third or social difficulty is the greatest of all, as, while closely connected with the moral one just named, it is compounded with and multiplied by the exceptional exacerbation of passions resulting from a series of disastrous incidents in the history of France, through which the average temperature of class antipathies has been raised to a torrid heat, nearly, if not quite, unprecedented. I must not, either, omit another consideration of a general kind, viz., that the transformation of an old State hitherto despotically governed into a free commonwealth is an enterprise of which there are no successful examples as yet, and that we are forbidden to wonder at this failure by an elementary acquaintance with the laws which govern human society."

A LAD, in Virginia City, Nev., who formerly used to be Henry Ward Beecher preach, was asked by her husband what she thought of the Beecher-Tilton scandal. She answered that she was sorry for it all. "But," persisted her husband, "do you believe it has any foundation in fact?" The wife, very gravely, and after a long pause, replied: "It might have. Henry Ward Beecher, when a mere youth, married a simple girl not a thousandth part his equal then, and since, she has developed into one of the most ordinary of women—he into a man such as is not fashioned among men once in a century. His great mind takes in all knowledge, his soul, sometimes, as it shines from his eyes, seems like a light to point men's diminished sight towards immortality, while his heart encompasses the whole earth with its boundless charity. Then Mrs. Tilton is a gifted, winning woman, married to one as unlike her as can be. It would not be strange, perhaps, if it proved true that this wonderful man and this ill-mated woman were attracted towards each other; maybe they have both done wrong; but if they have, hers is the greater sin; for, as of old, 'the woman must have tempted him.' "But," asked the husband, "if it is true, what think you of his still preaching?" Then came a longer pause; but at last the true woman looked up, frank and clear, and said: "You never listened to Henry Ward Beecher. He never assumed self-righteousness. His starting-point is that we are all sinners, himself included; and I doubt not but his people feel that the world cannot afford to lose such a brain and such a heart as his, even if what is surmised be true. If he is a fallen angel, he has still more glory about him than common mortals; even if he fails at last to reach the shining city, he can guide others on the way, better than any other among the children of men."

FAREWELL.

MAURICE BOUCHOR.

QUICK, cut me the least little curl,
It is heavy with perfumes and wet;
We will part, for it must be, my girl,
When our lips, just for once more, have met.

Say, say of our love that 'twas strong,
You may boast that it lasted a week;
Pah! its memory, buried so long,
Of corruption already must speak.

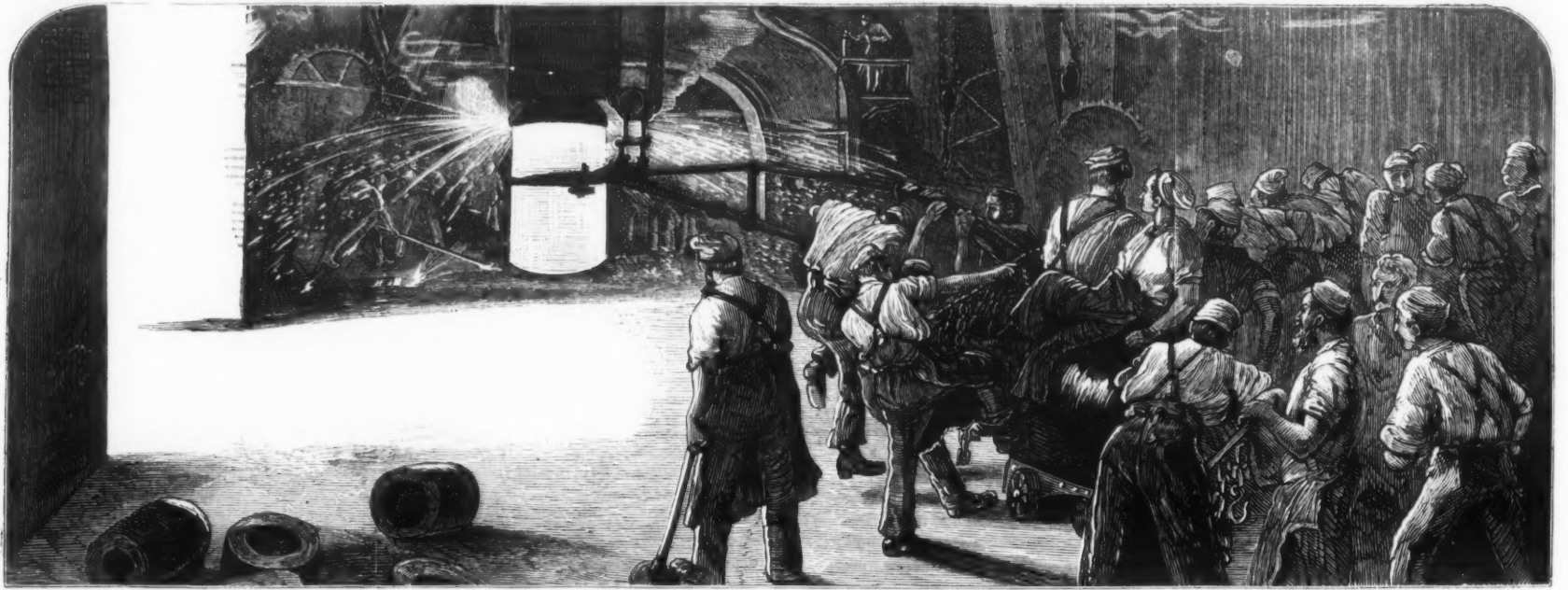
Alas! 'tis a pity; your sorrow
Those soft eyes have reddened with pain;
You may weep, child, to-day; for to-morrow
New love will bring laughter again.

I fly with the breezes; I go—
Go whither? Ah! you may forbode!
But never more, child, this I know,
With your smile will you lighten my load.

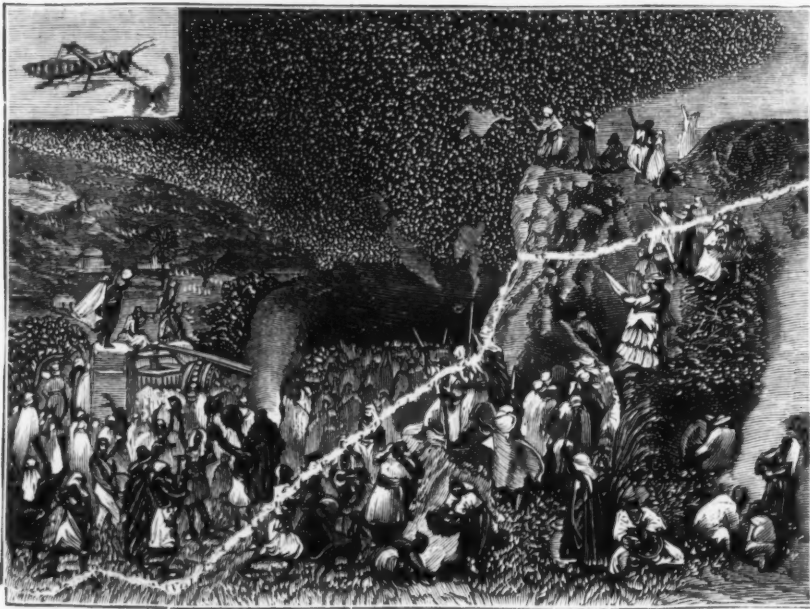
In the lanes which the wild blossoms bless
A sweeter wild rose will I seek;
Whiter fingers than thine may caress,
And breathe on a better loved cheek.

And to-morrow, all finished and done,
If my youth is as fresh and as gay,
I will open my heart for the sun,
To heal up the wounds of to-day.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 343



ENGLAND.—WORKING THE GREAT 35-TON STEAM HAMMER AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.



ALGIERS.—THE PEOPLE, BY NOISES, ENDEAVORING TO PREVENT THE INVASION OF GRASSHOPPERS.



SPAIN.—THE CIVIL WAR.—TOLOSA, THE HEADQUARTERS OF DON CARLOS.



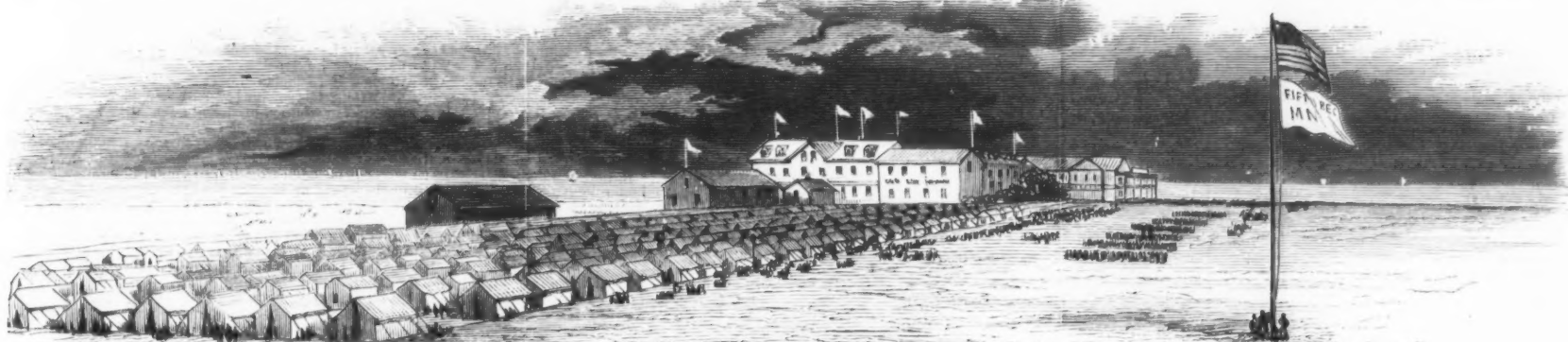
ENGLAND.—SUMMER SKATING AT PRINCE'S GROUND, BROMPTON.



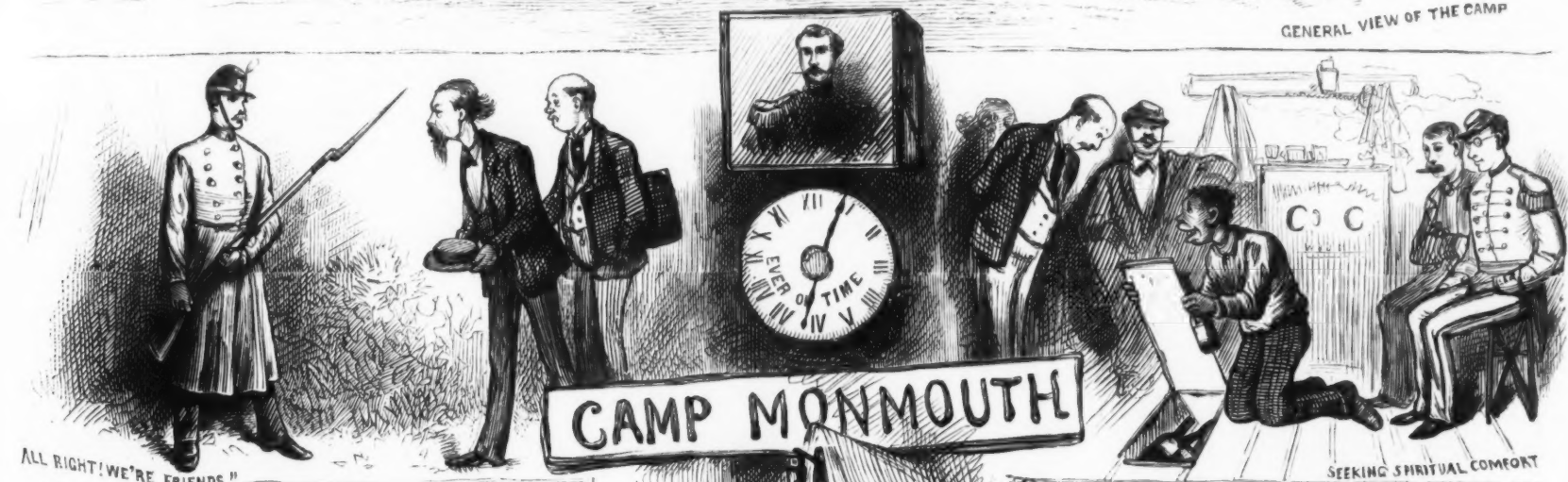
SPAIN.—THE CIVIL WAR.—BATTLE OF MURO.—SPANISH CAVALRY RECOVERING THE BODY OF MARSHAL CONCHA.



PARIS.—THE FASHIONABLE PROMENADE IN THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP



ALL RIGHT! WE'RE FRIENDS"

SEEKING SPIRITUAL COMFORT

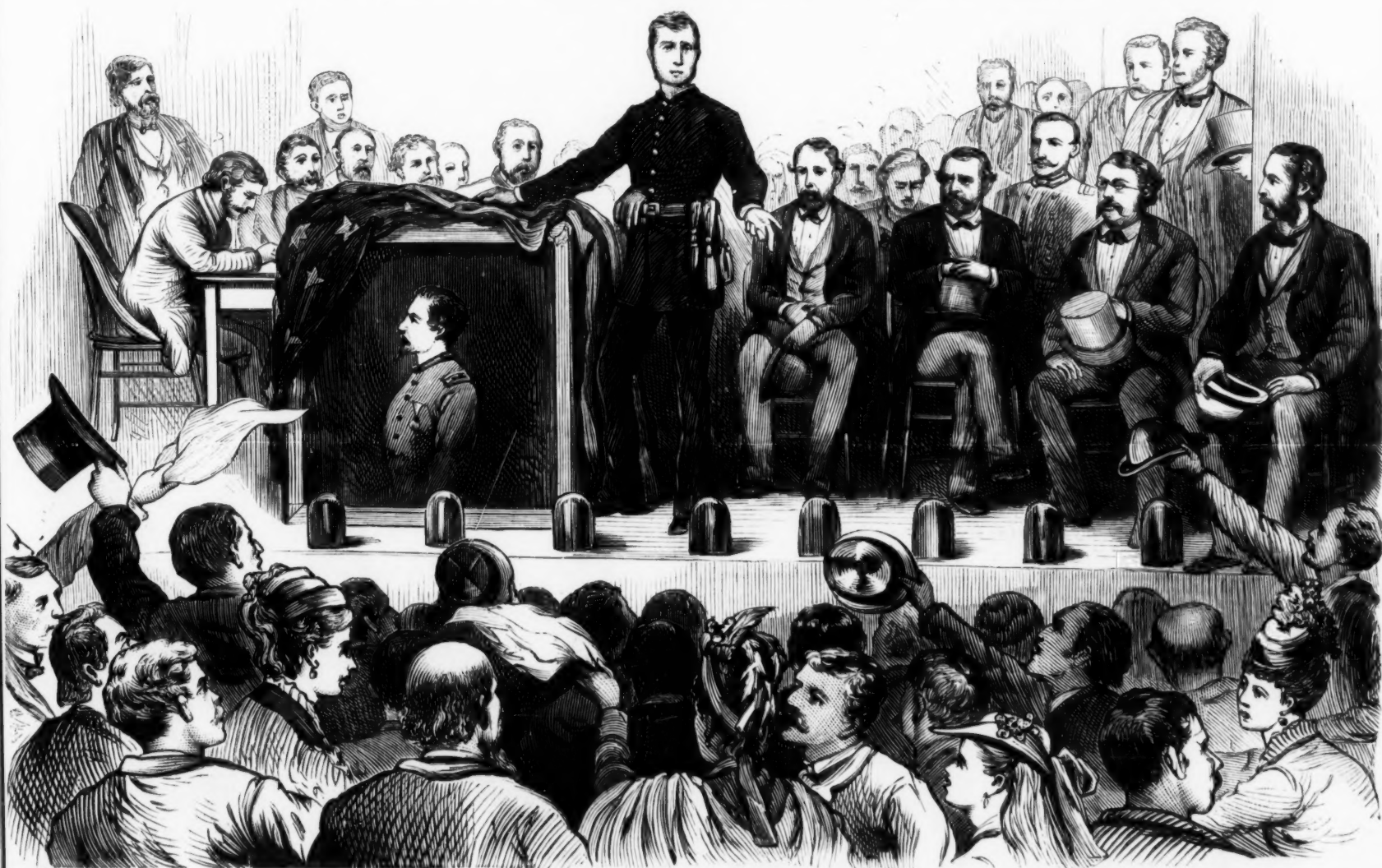


A CHILLY MORNING



CAPTURED

"CAMP MONMOUTH," LONG BRANCH.—ENCAMPMENT OF THE FIFTH REGIMENT, N. G. OF BALTIMORE, MD.—SEE PAGE 343.



REUNION OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AT PATERSON, N. J., WEDNESDAY, JULY 22D.—THE PRESENTATION OF A PORTRAIT OF GEN. PHIL. KEARNEY TO ZABRISKIE POST, NO. 59.—SEE PAGE 345.

JANE LEWSON.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

PASSION-FLOWER! a maiden whose rich heart
Burn'd with intensest fire that turn'd the light
Of the sweet eyes into a warm dark dew;
One of those shapes so marvelously made,
Strung so intensely, that a finger press,
The dropping of a stray curl unaware,
Upon the naked breast, a look, a tone,
Can vibrate to the very roots of life,
And draw from out the spirit light that seems
To scorch the tender cheeks it shines upon;
A nature running o'er with ecstasy
Of very being, an appalling splendor
Of animal sensation, loveliness
Like to the dazzling panther's; yet, withal,
The gentle, willful, clinging sense of love,
Which makes a virgin's soul. It seem'd, indeed,
The gloomy dwelling and the dismal days,
Gloaming upon her heart, had lent this show
Of shining life a melancholy shade
That troubled it in beauty. Such a heart
Needed no busy world to make it beat;
It could throb burningly in solitude;
Since kindly Heaven gave it strength enough
To rock the languid blood into the trains
Of twenty smaller natures.

THE CURSE OF CAERGWYN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS,"
"IVY'S PROBATION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE woof of sadness intertwined itself with the
warp of joy all through the Summer, inter-
mingled too with glistening golden threads of
triumph, as dispatches brought home the name
of Caergwyn associated with brave deeds, and the
heart of the Welsh valley swelled high with pride in
its young hero.

Mrs. D'Este remembered the little sketch Lilius
had once made, when prophesying the future of
the brothers, and brought it forth from its hiding-
place, and the two women looked at it through
their tears.

"Ah, mamma," said Lilius, "I have learned a
great deal since then. How long ago it seems! I
shall never prophesy again. But," she added, pre-
sently, with a Jupiter-like nod of her pretty head,
"they are both heroes. I ought to have put them
side by side."

As for old Morgan, his dead Caergwyn heroes
fell back and made way for this living present hero,
on whom the old man was never weary of descant-
ing. He read the papers diligently, and treasured
up every scrap of intelligence which could by any
means implicate David. He had, Lilius laughingly
declared, dropped his grudge against her, and had
even condescended to accept her graciously as the
future lady of Caergwyn; he waylaid her almost
daily now, sure of a patient and sympathetic listener
to the long, never-ending tale of David's bravery.

It was well for the old man that this new and ab-
sorbing interest stepped in just then to cover the
rough handling his old favorites were about to en-
counter from practical science, represented by the
smart young architect and surveyor, with his head
cramped full of the latest theories on sanitary sub-
jects, who had come down to Caergwyn to super-
intend various alterations and improvements, in
anticipation of the young baronet's marriage. Science
then rode roughshod over old Morgan's
ghosts and ill-omens, promulgating a remorseless
heresy to the effect that such a drain and cesspool
had been discovered beneath the windows of "the
lady's" chamber as were enough to put to flight a
whole army of spirits.

"The wonder is," declared the young architect,
"not that a delicate lady or two should, under
peculiar circumstances aggravating the danger,
have fallen victims, but that the whole race should
not have been exterminated under such a system of
drainage."

This scientific opinion has never for a moment
shaken old Morgan's position; he is still strong in
belief that the immunity from disaster which the
family have enjoyed since it was given is due
entirely to the circumstance of John's bones having
at last been brought over from "that foreign place"
and laid beside his brother's in the family vault at
Caergwyn. Family banes and solemn ghosts of
ancient traditional standing are much too un-
assailable institutions to be dislodged by such trif-
ling and irrelevant matter as a drain or two.

Morgan treated the young architect and his
theories with lofty scorn, and will live and die in
the beliefs which have been handed down to him
through generations of trustworthy witnesses. His
beloved family at Caergwyn will have gone down
indeed when it allows itself to be shorn of what old
Morgan deems as honorable distinctions as any it
can boast in its history.

There were no sweeping changes or improve-
ments, so called, made at the Hall, in anticipation
of the advent of its mistress. Vyvyan and Lilius
both loved the old, time-worn characteristics too
well to destroy them, or to lose a single thread of
old associations, the loss of which would be irre-
parable. The grand old hall was left untouched,
and Sir Owen's study was kept in its former order.

Mrs. Phillips's heart was made glad by the pre-
paration of a suit of rooms for "my lady," but the
old furniture had been so carefully preserved that
it was used here as most in character with the rest
of the house. Lilius's boudoir was a charming little
octagon room, hung with tapestry worked by
former Caergwyn ladies; and Lilius Vyvyan had
brought the likeness of Lady Annabel, whose
beautiful face smiled sweetly upon her happier suc-
cessor.

The conservatories were restored to their old
wealth of rare and splendid blossom; but Lilius, in
spite of the formidable new gardener, would have
no "ribbon-borders" and mosaic-patterned flower-
beds, massed with wonderful and unnatural art-
combinations of color. She resisted strenuously the
uprooting of the old, half-wild order in the tangled
garden; she would not have the tall white lilies and
the sweet-scented old-fashioned flowers banished
for the gaudy, bright-tinted, scentless modern
favorites. The great bushes of rich, blooming
roses with no grand names to speak of, the lilacs
and laburnums, the syringas and honeysuckles,
ought not, she pleaded, be made to give way to fine
strangers; they belonged to Caergwyn, and suited
it best.

And of course the bride-elect had her way, and
the fair stately lilies and the red gillyflowers and
pungent sweetbrier still perfumed the air in the wide
pleasure, and the roses showered their abundant
petals over the paths, and the trailing plants flung
themselves, in their own graceful fashion, where-
ever they listed. Even the pink and white daisies
and blue periwinkles and little raspberry-colored
poly-mushes seemed to grow up from the borders.

The new gardener threw up his situation in dis-
gust; it was impossible to live under a lady who
had such tastes as these; but his successor consoled

himself in his hothouses and conservatories for his
lady's whims, and defended his reputation by
making his own garden a model of what he would
have perpetrated at the Hall, had his genius been
allowed free scope there.

The Summer waned, and the wedding-day came
in due course. A very quiet wedding it must needs
be, for David was still absent, and the hearts of
those who loved him could not fully rejoice until he
was among them again.

Lady Vesina D'Este came down to see with
her own eyes "what sort of a match Lilius was
making"; and she brought with her a young
daughter to pair with Gwen Williams as the only
bridesmaids. Lady Vesina was enchanted with the
Gray House, and with the beautiful Welsh valley;
and, after a talk or two with Lady Durnford, in
which Sir Vyvyan's political career was settled
between them to their mutual satisfaction, this re-
presentative of the D'Estes concluded that the
whole thing was "perfectly satisfactory." After
which the D'Estes generally and graciously par-
doned their young relative that former delinquency
in the matter of Strathgyle.

Of course neither the dowager nor Lord Strath-
gyle was present, but the dowager sent the bride a
pair of diamond earrings, and Strathgyle sent her,
by Lady Vesina, his love and a fervent hope for her
happiness—and Lilius reckoned that remembrance
as the most precious gift received upon her wedding-
day.

"Poor Strathgyle!" said Lady Vesina. "Things
have gone very crooked with him. I had hoped to
the last that they might right themselves, for I am
very fond of Strathgyle; and you will not be angry
with me, Lilius, for having a livelier interest in his
happiness than in that of your unknown Sir Vyvyan,
who, I must confess, now that I do know him,
divides my allegiance with Strathgyle. Strathgyle
will never marry any other woman. I don't want to
make you blush so prettily, my sweet cousin; but
it is true. You will be his first and only love—
of womankind. He may marry—he probably will—
politics, or literature, or science, or some whimsical
hobby, perhaps all of these in turn, and cut off the
heads of these wives when he tires of them, like
another Bluebeard; but he will never give his heart
to a woman again. The dowager will be in despair;
she will intrigue and manoeuvre, and coax and scold;
but it will be all in vain, if I know Strathgyle."

"I hope it will not be so," murmured Lilius.

"Do you?" returned Lady Vesina. "Well, for
my part, if Strathgyle cannot 'marry his ain love,'
I would rather that he should remain a monument
of that most rare virtue in man—constancy. I can
admire and reverence him so, and it is grand to see
such an illustration before one's eyes. It is incon-
venient in his case, I know; but it is sublime. And
in these days one so seldom catches a glimpse of the
sublime."

Lady Vesina was right. Lord Strathgyle has not
married, so far; but he has distinguished himself in
various ways, and is known as a liberal patron of
the arts and sciences. He and Lilius meet some-
times in crowded conversations, but Strathgyle
cannot yet trust himself to take up the cousinly
footing, which is all that is left to him.

Doctor Milson behaved very bad at the wedding-
breakfast—very treacherously for so old and tried
a friend. Brimming over with a secret, only just
learned, he called a toast, and drank to the health
and life-long success of "Hampden," producing a
sensation in the little assembly, and giving the bride
the sweetest triumph of the day.

Lady Vesina D'Este carried the great news tri-
umphantly to every country house she visited that
Autumn, and Sir George Durnford spread it amongst
his party; and perhaps it was owing to this that
Sir Vyvyan Caergwyn gained his election so easily
early in the following Spring. He is now spoken
of in political circles as a power in the House, and
high honors, as well as the nobler success which is
his own ambition, are spoken of in connection with
his name. He says he owes all his best inspiration
and encouragement to his wife; but Lilius treats
this statement as a pretty tender fiction of his love,
for she knows, as all good women know, that a
man's "best" is his own, and is borrowed from no
woman.

CHAPTER XLIV., AND LAST.

IT is a clear, soft Autumnal evening—the evening
of the home-coming of the bride and the bride-
groom of Caergwyn. All day long the busy house-
hold have moved to and fro, finishing their joyful
tasks of preparation, with a light in their eye and
pleasant words on every tongue, and that stir and
bustle of expectation which are so new to the Gray
House. Indeed, it is the Gray House no longer; it
is bright with flowers, warm with firelight—for the
Autumn evenings are a little chilly—and alive with
cheery sounds and brisk movement.

Mrs. Phillips is, as she herself expresses it, "in a
quiver" of excitement; she has been fifty times in and
out of that suite of apartments which is her pride
and delight, and now that there is not a thing left to
do, she has donned her handsome silk dress, the
only one Sir Vyvyan gave her for the wedding, and
she cannot refrain from rustling in and out of the
tapestried boudoir, the cozy dressing-room, where
all is in readiness for the new mistress, and the
yellow drawing-room, which Mrs. Phillips has decided
is "just perfection," with its exquisite old china,
its picture gems, its perfume of flowers, its old-
world element warmed into cozy, home-like com-
fort by the fire which burns so brightly in the wide
grate.

"Yes, m'm," the housekeeper says, with proud
humility, to Mrs. D'Este; "we have done our best.
I hope my lady will be pleased."

Mrs. D'Este and Gwen have had their task, too,
their share in the happy bustle of preparation. They
have brought and disposed about the rooms all the
little mementoes of her maiden life which are
to link the past with the present of the young
wife. They have filled the bookshelves in the bou-
doir with Lilius's favorite books from her old room,
and set up flowers in the vase which was given to
her when a child and has always been amongst her
treasures; in fact they have breathed into the new
home a subtle atmosphere of love and tenderness
from the old one she has quitted.

And now all is done, and it will be yet some time
before the dear ones can arrive. It is too soon to
light up the rooms with their blaze of welcome, and
the restless fever of expectation is lulled into a tem-
porary calm of waiting rest. Mrs. Phillips sits
complacently over the tea-table in the house-
keeper's room, and Mrs. D'Este, sunk amidst the
soft satin cushions of an ebony armchair, looks into
the leaping drawing-room fire and dreams, with a
sweet thoughtful smile upon her face, of the history
of this love which has ended so happily for her
darling.

In the great hall the evening shadows are gather-
ing, blotting out the rich tints of the east window
and turning them into colorless gray splashes be-
tween their mullioned divisions. Old Morgan sits
over the fire with his dogs gathered about him, and
perched on the end of the dark oaken settle there
sits a little figure in a cloud of light drapery. Gwen
is listening with rapt attention to the old Caergwyn
legends which Morgan is relating by way of beguiling
the time for them both. Narrator and listener

alike are absorbed in the fascinating story, so that
Gwen starts at the sound of a voice calling her by
her name.

"Gwen, Gwen," says Mrs. D'Este, standing at
the door and looking down the long hall to where
Gwen shows, like a ghostly figure, in her white
dress, "out of the evening dimness I fancied I heard
the sound of wheels; and yet it cannot be Vyvyan
and Lilius so soon. It is hardly six o'clock, and
they cannot be here before seven. Yet I thought
I heard something."

The big dogs rise and stretch themselves and
looks towards the door from which the voice comes;
and little Roy, who had rolled himself in Gwen's
long trailing skirts, dislodged from his position,
pricks his small ears, and follows eagerly after
Gwen as she flits swiftly through the hall and along
the stone passage to the entrance.

It is not dark yet—it is only dim. The sound,
whatever it is, has not reached the domestics, for
the house is still, as it has been for the last half-
hour. Gwen's thoughts are filled with Morgan's
thrilling tale, and her heart beats fast, and she ut-
ters a little cry of terror as she meets on the
threshold a shadowy form, so like, so like—ah, she
does not dare to think whose likeness it is, or what
it may mean!

"Gwen!" says a voice; and she shivers and
shrinks as she gasps forth, "David!"

Has his spirit come, like the knights of whom
Morgan has just told her, from the blood-stained
field where it was released, to bid a last farewell to
the home of its earthly happiness, and to herald the
story of its departure to the loving hearts waiting
there?

Gwen would faint but that a hand—assuredly a
hand of flesh and blood—grasps hers, and the voice,
which is no spirit-voice speaks again.

"Gwen! Are you the first to welcome me?"
"Is it you? Is it really you?" sobbly Gwen, as she
clings to that hand which is her guarantee of un-
spirituality. "Oh, David, David!"

"Yes, it is I," he answers, stooping over her,
and feeling his welcome strangely sweet; "it is all
over—the war, I mean. I was sent home with
dispatches; I would not write. I wanted to sur-
prise you all. And—I have only frightened you!"
he adds, softly, bringing his other hand to confirm
the assurance of the first.

Does he find this first greeting so sweet that he
is in no hurry to pass on to the rest? He stays
there, holding her little hand in both his whilst she
struggles with the overwhelming shock of joy, and
thinks how strange it is that she should be the first
to meet him at his own door—she whose image has
followed him across the sea, and has haunted him
like a guardian angel on every field of danger.

She draws away her hand—a great deal too soon,
he thinks—and speeds before him down the passage,
he following swiftly, lest she might vanish, like the
fairy she seems, out of his sight.

"It is David," says she demurely, to Mrs. D'Este,
throwing open the door of the hall, which Mrs.
Phillips and her subordinates have by this time
illuminated.

"David!"

Morgan rises up with a shout, the dogs leap upon
their young master, up to his very shoulders, in their
joy of recognition, the servants throng into the
hall, and amidst the joyful clamor of welcome there
comes floating up the hill the merry peal of the joy-
bells from the church-tower.

"They are coming! They are coming! The
carriage is mounting the hill; they will be here in
five minutes!" cries Doctor Milson, hurrying in,
breathless and panting. And then he stops, open-
mouthed. "David! God bless you, my dear fel-
low! This is joyful indeed, this double home-
coming! Who could have hoped for this?"

"You were the first to welcome me home last
night, Gwen. I can never forget it," says David,
next day, when he and Gwen find themselves some-
how in the little tapestried boudoir alone together.
"Will you—can you—oh, Gwen"—breaking down—
"I mean if you could do something more for me
—if you could love me—just a little, Gwen."

But Gwen is shy, and hangs her head, and plays
with the fringe of her gray morning-dress, and an-
swers nothing.

"Gwen, dear," says David, "I carried you away
from England in my heart, and I came back to meet
you on the threshold. Surely it was a good omen;
was it not?"

"Yes," whispers Gwen, very low and very
softly.

But David hears it.
So it is all settled, and nobody is in the least sur-
prised, whereas the two most concerned are very
much astonished indeed!

"I made a discovery some time ago," said Lilius,
Lady Caergwyn, to her husband, only so lately as
last Summer: "I believe that Caergwyn was saved,
not by the grave that Gwen found, but by the
deed of Gwen's husband; they two have it all be-
tween them. Morgan does not know—he does not
guess—but I know. You remember that night
which was the last appearance of the black horse-
man was the night after—"

"Hush!" interrupted Vyvyan, smiling down upon
their four-year-old boy, who was listening, open-
mouthed: "Morgan, you know, has been forbidden
to indoctrinate this small mind with what you are
pleased to call the family superstition; and will you,
his mother, teach him to believe in it?"

"No," she answered, smiling in her turn; "there
is no need, for love, and love alone, has conquered
the 'Curse' of Caergwyn; the old sin of falsehood
and hatred has been wiped out by truth and love.
You see I have read the riddle, Vyvyan."

THE END.

THE TILTON-BEECHER CASE.

MR. Tilton read his sworn statement before the
Investigating Committee of Plymouth Church
in Brooklyn last week, and the substance of his
charge is as follows:

That he was married in 1855; that about nine
years ago Henry Ward Beecher began, and there-
after continued, a friendship with his wife, Mrs.
Elizabeth R. Tilton, for whose natural delicacy and
extreme religious sensibility Mr. Beecher often ex-
pressed to her husband a high admiration; visiting
her from time to time for years, until 1870, during
which period, by many tokens and attentions, he won
the affectionate love of Mrs. Tilton; whereby, after
long moral resistance by her, and after repeated as-
saults by him upon her mind with overmastering
arguments, he accomplished the possession of her
person; maintaining with her thenceforward dur-
ing a long period the relation called crim-
inal intercourse; this relation being regarded by
her during that period as not criminal or morally
wrong—such had been the power of his arguments
as a clergyman to satisfy her religious scruples
against such violation of virtue and honor.

Mr. Tilton went on to say that in June, 1870, his
wife returned from a visit in the country, and after
exactness from her husband a solemn promise that

he would do Mr. Beecher no harm, nor communicate
to him what she was about to say, she made a cir-
cumstantial confession of the criminal acts before
stated, accompanied with citations from Mr. Beech-
er's arguments and reasonings with her to over-
come her long-maintained scruple against yielding
to his desires, and declaring that she had committed
no wrong to her husband or her marriage vow,
quoting, in support of this opinion, that her pastor
had repeatedly assured her that she was spotless
and chaste, which she believed herself to be. She
further stated that her intercourse with him had
never proceeded from low or vulgar thoughts either
on her part or his, but always from pure affection
and high religious love. She said that her mind was
often burdened by the deceit necessary for her to
practice in order to prevent discovery, and that her
conscience had many times impelled her to throw
off this burden of enforced falsehood by making a
full confession to her husband, so that she would
no longer be living before him a perpetual lie. In
particular, she said that she had been on the point
of making this confession a few months previously,
during a severe illness, when she feared she might
die. She affirmed also that Mr. Beecher had as-
sured her repeatedly that he loved her better than
any other woman, and she felt justified before God
in her intimacy with him, save the necessary deceit
which accompanied it, and at which she frequently
suffered in her mind.

Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Tilton said that as
his wife had not voluntarily gone astray, he condoned
the wrong, and continued to live with her as before.
About this time differences arose between Mr.
Tilton and Mr. Bowen, his employer; and Mr.
Tilton claimed that Mr. Beecher aggravated them,
whereupon Mrs. Tilton, through Mr. Frank Moulton,
a friend of both sides, sought a peaceable adjustment
of the difficulties, and afterwards that Mr. Beecher
gave Moulton a letter of apology, saying that he,
Beecher, asked Mr. Tilton's forgiveness; that he
humbled himself before him as he did before his
God; that he even wished he were dead. It seems
that Mr. Tilton saw this letter, and made a copy of
it. Then followed letters purporting to have passed
between Tilton, Beecher and Moulton, tending to a
further settlement of the troubles.

Mr. Tilton quoted from one of his wife's letters to
him wherein she said, that, while reading "Griffith
Gaunt," her eyes were opened for the first time, so
that she saw clearly her sin; that a virtuous
woman should check instantly an absorbing love; that
since reading the experiences of Catharine Gaunt a
heavenly vision had dawned on her, and she saw
as never before the wrong she had done her hus-
band; and that she asked him to be assured of her
purified and restored love.

About one year from Mrs. Tilton's confession,
according to Mr. Tilton's statement, he became ac-
quainted with Mrs. Woodhull, who had just pub-
lished a paragraph in the New York World saying
that she knew of a public teacher of eminence who
lived with the wife of another teacher of almost
equal eminence; that all three concurred in de-
nouncing offenses against morality, and that she
should make it a business to analyze some of those
lives.

Mr. Tilton was told by Mrs. Woodhull that she re-
ferred to his wife and Mr. Beecher. To guard against
her threatened exposures, which were wicked and
distorted, he sought by personal kindnesses to re-
move all such desire on her part. He ceased his
efforts in April, 1872, and in the Fall she published
the scandal which he claimed he tried to suppress.

After this, Mr. Tilton quoted several of his wife's
letters which were written in 1868, to show how
much she loved him before Mr. Beecher's alleged
interference. It had been charged that Mr. Tilton
threatened to expose Mr. Beecher if he did not
supply him with money to make good his losses, for
during his trouble Mr. Bowen had discharged him
from the Independent and the Brooklyn Union.
This he positively denied. In closing, Mr. Tilton
charged that when Mr. Beecher saw that he could
not sustain himself after Mrs. Tilton's confession, he
caused her to deny all that she had previously con-
fessed, and to leave her husband and take refuge
with Mr. Beecher's friends.

In other words, Mr. Tilton claimed that Mr.
Beecher seduced Mrs. Tilton, which she confessed;
that Mr. Beecher apologized, and wished he were
dead; that Mr. Tilton forgave him; that afterwards,
when the facts leaked out and Mr. Beecher's friends
accused Mr. Tilton with having slandered their
pastor, Mr. Beecher publicly denied the charges,
and allowed his church to censure Mr. Tilton for
offenses of which he (Mr. Beecher) alone was guilty;
and that finally he forced Mr. Tilton to defend
himself before a committee called by Mr. Beecher
in the newspapers, and relate what he had tried to
keep secret for many years.

The next day after Mr. Tilton's statement ap-
peared, Mr. Beecher said that, although he would
not make a detailed reply at that time, he could
not delay for an hour to defend the reputation of
Mrs. Elizabeth Tilton, upon whose name, in connec-
tion with his, her husband had attempted to prove
shame. One less deserving of such disgrace he
never knew. His regard for Mrs. Tilton was per-
fectly well known to his family; when serious dif-
ficulties sprang up in her household it was to his
wife that she resorted for counsel; and both, acting
from sympathy, and as it subsequently appeared,
without full knowledge, gave unadvised counsel
which tended to harm.

Mr. Tilton found that his wife's confidence in her
pastor increased, while his influence with her dim-
inished, in consequence of a marked change in his
religious and social views, which was taking place
during those years. Her mind was greatly exer-
cised lest her children should be harmed by views
which she deemed vitally false and dangerous.

Mr. Beecher was suddenly and rudely aroused to
the reality of impending danger by the disclosure
of domestic distress, of sickness, perhaps unto
death, of the likelihood of separation, and the scat-
tering of a family, every member of which he had
tenderly loved. The effect upon him of the discov-
ery of Mr. Tilton's feelings, and the condition of his
family, surpassed in sorrow and excitement any-
thing that he had ever experienced in his life. That
his presence, influence and counsel had brought to
a beloved family sorrow and alienation, gave, in
his then state of mind, a poignancy to his suffering
which he hoped no other man might ever feel.

Believing at the time that his presence and coun-
sels had tended, however unconsciously, to produce
a social catastrophe, represented as imminent, he
gave expression to his feelings in an interview with
a mutual friend, not in cold and cautious self-
defending words, but eagerly taking blame upon
himself, and pouring out his heart in the strongest
language, overburdened with the exaggerations of
impassioned sorrow.

Not only was his friend affected generously, but
he assured him that such expressions, if conveyed
to Mr. Tilton, would soothe wounded feeling, allay
anger, and heal the whole trouble. He took down
sentences and fragments of what Mr. Beecher had
been saying, to use them as a mediator.

That these apologies were more than ample to
meet the facts of the case is evident, in that they
were accepted, that their intercourse resumed its
friendliness, that Mr. Tilton subsequently ratified it

in writing, and that he continued for four years, and until recently, to live with his wife.

Mr. Tilton has since, in every form of language, and to a multitude of witnesses, orally, in written statements, and in printed documents, declared his faith in his wife's purity.

In concluding, Mr. Beecher said every line and word of his private and confidential letters which had been published was in harmony with the statements which he then made. His published correspondence on this subject comprises but two elements: The expression of his grief, and that of his desire to shield the honor of a pure and innocent woman. He did not propose to analyze and contest at that time the extraordinary paper of Mr. Tilton; but there were two allegations he could not permit to pass without special notice. They refer to the only two incidents which Mr. Tilton pretended to have witnessed personally: the one, an alleged scene in Mr. Beecher's house while looking over engravings; and the other a chamber scene in Mr. Tilton's house. These statements, Mr. Beecher said, were absolutely false. Nothing of the kind ever occurred, nor any semblance of any such things, and they were then brought to his notice for the first time.

To every statement which connected Mr. Beecher dishonorably with Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, or which in any wise would impugn the honor and purity of that beloved Christian woman, he (Mr. Beecher) gave the most explicit, comprehensive and solemn denial.

On the afternoon of the day on which Mr. Beecher's card was printed, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton's statement also appeared. As a literary production it surpassed either of the other documents, which were written by men eminent for their command of the subtleties of the English language. The following is the substance of her reply:

She would not reply in detail to the twenty-two articles of arraignment at once, but would answer some of the more glaring charges. She solemnly avowed that, long before the Woodhull publication, Mr. Tilton to her knowledge repeated the subject of his recent accusations to certain persons. His hatred to Mr. Beecher had existed for many years, and the one aim of his life was to ruin him. Mr. Tilton's interpretation of her letter on Catharine Gaunt was false and malicious. The letters of hers which were used against her were obtained by force, and against her will. The implication that there was harmony in her home until Mr. Beecher entered it as a guest was a satire on the household where he (Mr. Tilton) years before had laid the corner-stone of free-love, and desecrated its altars. She spoke feelingly of his attempts to corrupt her daughters. The letter to Dr. Bacon was published without her knowledge. Mr. Tilton, she said, claimed that he was Mr. Beecher's superior, and that the God of Battles was with him, and all that lay in his path—wife, children, or reputation, if need be—should fall before this purpose.

She stated explicitly that she left her home without advice or consultation with any of Mr. Beecher's friends; that she asked the privilege of testifying before the Plymouth Church Committee, which, at the time of her leaving, she was ignorant of. After testifying and pleading for her husband and her children, until all were moved to tears, she returning home, told her husband of what she had done. He arose from his bed, dressed himself, and bade her good-by for ever. But on the next night—at midnight—he came and took her into his lap, and said that he was proud of her, and loved her, and he apologized for his treatment; and then they covenanted their lives over. The following day was the happiest she had known for years. He assured her there was no rest for him away from her. But the next morning he went to her friends, and, with oaths and violence, began slandering Mr. Beecher. She says: "This fearful scene I learned next day. I did not then show my hurt, but carried it heavily within, but calmly without, all night, till early morning. Reflection convinced me that, notwithstanding my husband's recent professions to me, his former spirit was unchanged; that his declarations of repentance and affection were only for the purpose of gaining my assistance to accomplish his ends in his warfare upon Mr. Beecher. In the light of these conclusions my duty appeared plain. I rose quietly, and having dressed, roused him only to say, 'Theodore, I will never take another step by your side. The end has indeed come!' How to account for the change which twenty-four hours have been capable of working in his mind, these many years past, I leave for the eternities with their mysteries to reveal."

Mr. Tilton was born in New York city, October 2d, 1835. Graduating at the Free Academy, he began his career as a reporter on the New York Tribune, having previously learned shorthand, it is said in the incredible short space of three months. He also reported for the New York Observer. His accurate reports of Mr. Beecher's sermons attracted that gentleman's attention, and a warm friendship sprang up between them. The Independent was first edited by Dr. Storrs, Joshua Leavitt, and others. Afterwards Mr. Beecher became its editor, and Mr. Tilton the assistant editor. Through the latter's influence, J. H. Richards, his brother-in-law, was made publisher. After this, Henry C. Bowen left the drygoods business and took entire charge of the business department of the Independent, which until then had been poorly managed. When Mr. Beecher went to England he gave Mr. Tilton entire control of his paper, and on his return he did not resume charge, but allowed Mr. Tilton to continue its editor-in-chief, as did Mr. Bowen after Mr. Beecher withdrew. In 1871 trouble about the Woodhull scandal arose between Mr. Tilton and Bowen, and the latter discharged him from the editorship of both the Independent and the Brooklyn Union. Mr. Tilton has published several tracts, speeches and poems. His pamphlets against slavery attracted wide attention, and his poems were extensively copied. After leaving Mr. Bowen's service, he founded the Golden Age, of which he continued editor-in-chief until a few weeks ago.

We give illustrations of Mr. Tilton reading his statement to the Investigating Committee at Mr. Storrs's residence; Mr. Tilton's dwelling; reporters trying to gain admission to the committee meeting; Mr. Beecher buying extras of the newsboys; Plymouth Church ladies bringing bouquets to Mr. Beecher; a dinner-party and consultation at Delmonico's; pedestrians reading Mr. Tilton's statement; Mr. Beecher supervising his farm-work; Mr. Storrs's dwelling in Brooklyn; Mr. Beecher's summer residence at Peekskill; and Mr. Tilton besieged by New York reporters. We also publish portraits of Mr. Beecher, Mr. Tilton, Mr. Moulton, and Mrs. Tilton.

THE FIFTH MARYLAND REGIMENT AT LONG BRANCH.

WE give an illustration this week of the Encampment at Long Branch of the Fifth Maryland Regiment, which arrived from Baltimore last week. It took up its quarters in the open space near the East End Hotel, between the New Jersey Southern Railroad and the beach. The regiment numbers about 400 men, commanded by Colonel J. Stricker,

Major J. R. Gaither, Adjutant Thos. A. Symington, with Mr. Johnson for Commissary; Colonel E. F. Poutier, Quartermaster; Captain Goldsborough, F. M. Colston, Paymaster, and W. H. Crim, Surgeon. It is accompanied by the United States Marine Band, forty-two pieces, from Washington, under Lieutenant W. S. Muse, of the United States Marine Corps.

The military exercises comprise battalion drill in the morning and dress parade in the afternoon. There is also the guard-mounting, which interests a great many people; consequently the camp has a number of guests within it from morning till night. The beautiful evenings are devoted to receptions at the hotels, and early in the mornings many of the young ladies, accompanied by their cavaliers, attend the reveilles and morning parades. The officers and many of the privates wear white flannel suits, and "patent leathers" during their hours of recreation. The regiment take their meals at Leland's Ocean Hotel. General Grant, Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, Governor Parker, of New Jersey, and others, were among the visitors. The tents are pitched on the level plain bordering the ocean, and were it not for the water and rolling surf and the town, the scene would remind one of an encampment on the great plains of the West.

In our picture the tents and ocean view are shown, and some character sketches are given: one of Captain Torsch, a popular officer of the regiment, hung over a wooden clock; another showing Colonel Rogers's servant unearthing refreshments for our artist; a third showing their approach to the picket-guard; a fourth vividly portraying a balcony scene, entitled "The Surrender of the Veterans to the Belles of the Ocean Hotel"; a fifth giving the latest view of "Shack Nasty Jim"; and the sixth representing the battle-scarred soldiers going for water in the early morning. After a short stay the regiment will visit Cape May.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

REUNION AT PATERSON, N. J.

MORE than fifty thousand people attended the Reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Paterson, N. J., last week, and it was the grandest celebration ever held in the State. We give an illustration of the principal scene. Preparations were begun by the citizens weeks before, and on the eventful day the city was profusely decorated with flags and flowers. Among the distinguished visitors present were General Grant, Secretary Robeson, Governor Parker, and the Hon. W. W. Phelps.

The President's party drove, first to the Hamilton House, the headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic. Here the line was again reformed, and the procession marched through the principal streets to the island below the Falls of the Passaic. For the whole distance the streets were crowded. In twenty places the streets were spanned by graceful arches of evergreens, adorned with wreaths of flowers, mottoes, and flags. The windows and balconies were filled with ladies and children dressed in white. The President bowed right and left to the people, who cheered as he passed. After the review he lunched at Mr. Tuttle's, while the procession passed on to the island, where a collation was spread under the trees. There were upwards of 10,000 men in line. Besides the veterans, there were present the Second Regiment of Newark, Colonel Allen; the Fourth Regiment of Jersey City, Colonel Steele; the Ninth Regiment of Hoboken, Colonel Hart; the Jersey Blues, and an artillery company of Paterson. There were 26 Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic—18 from New Jersey, 5 from New York, 1 from Brooklyn, 1 from Newburgh, N. Y., and 1 from Charlestown, Mass.

The Hon. Walter W. Phelps delivered the address of the day: I speak this afternoon, said he, to the veterans of many a field, and I shall speak of peace; nothing of war, the march, the bivouac, the struggle, the victory, the glory; nothing of your war, though it were an easier task to tell the old story, which a thousand times has crowned the orator with his bays. He would not, he continued, speak of the value of peace, but rather how to keep it—how to keep the peace of the world.

The true theory of trade is that articles exchanged are of more value to the new owner than to the old—in the new position than in the old. Its true motive is the supply of human wants. And thus each exchange augments the national resources—it puts the articles exchanged where their value is greater than before.

We must rid ourselves of another prejudice, the secret belief that a foreigner is worse than a native. We must credit the foreigner at the beginning with human excellences like our own, and not assume that, because he is born under other skies, he is the less honest, kindly, brave and true. This judicial fairness shall not hurt our patriotism.

The speaker referred to the settlement of the Alabama claims at Geneva. Said he, Courts of international jurisdiction where nations can in all safety bring their wounded honor for redress—anything which shall strengthen this experiment so auspiciously begun, and make of it an institution—is the supreme effort we can make for peace.

Let us, as our most immediate duty, do nothing that shall injure the force of this great precedent. Let us not, especially, destroy the dignity of a tribunal which we established, by defeating or pettifoggery its decision.

In closing, the orator said that we finally can strengthen the claims of peace by urging the lesson our own experience has taught, that the natural consequences of war, moral and material, can never be escaped. They may be postponed, and such postponement is the highest achievement of statecraft; but if postponed, they come at last with the mightier devastation of a river that breaks its dam. War withdraws the citizen from production, and he ceases to add to the national wealth; worse, he consumes the productions of others; worse yet, if a civil war, he not only ceases to produce and continues to consume, but he purposely destroys. Now, production, consumption and destruction suck the nation's blood. It is a law whose operations statecraft can delay but not prevent. And statecraft, with the vast resources of the modern world at its back, always does delay them, so that the time of war seems to be the time of prosperity, and a people mad with an unnatural stimulus believe that they are warring without cost. And thus doth the skill of the statesman work this costly postponement.

Even now ships lie idle at our wharves, tradesmen stand by idle counters, and the hum of industry is scarcely heard. We are receiving unwillingly the legacy of our war, paying its postponed cost. Let us ever teach that no skill can redeem a nation from the ultimate sufferings of war, as one of the best arguments of peace.

President Grant, Secretary Robeson, the Hon. John Hill, and others, made brief remarks, and the exercises closed at six o'clock. In the evening there was a reception at Washington Hall, which was festooned with flags. Upon the walls were affixed the names of all the prominent battles of the

war. In the centre of the room was a tent pitched on a bed of evergreen and moss, and flanked with two Ames six-pound guns.

THREE MILLIONS A YEAR.

A PEN PORTRAIT.

HE dresses in black. His clothes are well-made and fit him perfectly. His only jewelry consists of a plain gold watch, worth about \$500, which he seldom disturbs from its place in his vest-pocket. He loathes all unnecessary adornments. Three small, plain, linen-covered buttons appear on his shirt-bosom. No watch-chain is visible. He wears a black beaver hat, which weighs half a pound less than the heavy gray stovepipe fashion ordains shall be worn this summer. His hair, of a reddish-gray, is neatly dressed at all times. His beard, which is more tinted with gray than his hair, is short and trimmed regularly so as to be kept at the same length all the year round. Where a cumbersome mustache ought to be, a hair is never permitted to attain more than a day's growth. He is of a slender, though compact physique. His complexion is ruddy, and bespeaks the best of health. He always looks as if he had just left the toilet-table. This man is seventy-four years of age. In conversation, his keen blue eyes are never for an instant taken off yours. His face bears the impress of prudence, discretion, self-confidence, a calmness impossible to ruffle, and above all of honesty, and truthfulness. He never speaks loud enough to be heard ten steps from where he stands. Eavesdroppers cannot catch even the sound of his voice. He shakes hands with you cordially, nay, even warmly. He is courteous and politeness itself. His conversation is always couched in the refined language of the educated gentleman. He uses no slang. He is witty, and at times vivacious. He is no teetotaler; he drinks only at meal hours; his favorite wines are Johannisberg, from Prince Metternich's private vineyard, the like of which is not easily found in this country; he is fond of sherry and Madeira; his wine-cellar contains probably the choicest collection of wines in America. This man's wealth is estimated at one hundred millions, made by him since 1834, in New York city. He has no children; he has not a single relative on the face of the earth. He is the last of his race. It is A. T. Stewart.

NEWTON BOOTH AND THE "NEW PARTY."—It is the opinion of the Sacramento Union that the position which Governor Booth of California occupies in the new party, which the popular will is forming against the Administration, is strikingly like that which Lincoln held in 1860, with this difference in favor of Booth, that there is no Seward or Chase to contest with him the leadership. Concerning Booth's prospects, the Union says: "If there is any better man than him to stand in front of the new popular National Party of the United States, so much the better for the country and the party. We do not say there is not. We only say we have not heard him named; and that whoever speaks contemptuously of his chances for the next Presidency is ignorant of his subject, and blind to existing conditions which unprejudiced eyes might see without much difficulty."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE WOOLWICH ARSENAL TRIP-HAMMER.—The new steam trip-hammer at Woolwich Arsenal, England, is the largest piece of machinery of its kind in the world. The force of each blow is more than three thousand tons. It forges huge masses of iron into shape as though it were clay. Workmen wear visors to protect their faces from the intense heat. The metals to be forged are heated twenty-four hours, and handled with tongs forty-eight feet long, weighing fifteen tons.

GRASSHOPPERS IN ALGERIA.—The Minnesota farmers, who are in the midst of a grasshopper plague, should take courage. In our picture of a scene in Algeria it will be observed that the sky is full of the pests. But instead of allowing them to alight, the people turn out in a body and keep them away by ringing bells, shouting, firing guns, blowing trumpets, and making every conceivable noise possible.

HEADQUARTERS OF DON CARLOS.—We give a picture of Tolosa, a town of 8,000 inhabitants, which Don Carlos has selected for his headquarters. It is the capital of the province of Guipuzcoa, and is situated on the Orreaga and Arago, under the Eria and Loza Mountains. The people were true to Isabella, the former Queen, and they have given Don Carlos a warm reception.

SUMMER SKATING.—The ice-skating season around London continues only a week or two in January. The American invention of parlor-skates is being rapidly introduced in England, and our illustration this week shows a company of young people taking Summer recreation on casters at Prince's Ground, Brompton.

THE BATTLE OF MURO.—We have published from time to time illustrations of the scenes connected with the civil war in Spain. This week we give a sketch of the terrible charge after the battle of Muro, when the troops recovered the body of General Concha from the Carlists during a storm.

CHAMPS-ELYSEES.—Paris "the beautiful" is celebrated in all countries for its magnificent boulevards and public parks. We give a picture of the fashionable walk in the Champs-Élysées, which extends from Place de la Concorde to the Arch of Triumph. Here the beauty and fashion of the finest city in the world promenade in pleasant weather.

WHERE PEOPLE ARE GOING.

VICTOR HUGO has returned to Brussels.
GOUNOD is in Normandy for the Summer.
J. N. PATTISON, the pianist, is at Niagara.
MRS. PAULINE CANISSA is spending the Summer at Newbury, Vt.
GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE was in Louisville, Ky., last week.
REV. DR. LINDLEY, the veteran missionary, is at Great Britton, Mass.
GENERAL W. W. BELKNAP, Secretary of War, is at New London, Conn., with his family.
HON. and MRS. JOHN JAY and General and Mrs. Von Schweinitz, nee Jay, are at Stockbridge, Mass.
ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH, Secretary of the American Geographical Society, has started on an extensive tour through the Western Territories.
JUDGE STROUD, of the U. S. Supreme Court, has taken up his Summer residence at the White Sulphur Springs, Va., and Judge Swayne is at Rockaway Beach.
MR. S. H. WALES, late President of the Department of Public Parks at New York, in company with his daughter, after spending two weeks in Paris, has left for Switzerland.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

TWO rumored Mexican negotiations are emphatically denied by General Nelson, ex-Minister to Mexico, who says the suggestion of cession of any part of Mexican territory to this country would cause a revolution there. ... The suit of the Union Trust Company of this city against the St. Louis Railroad to foreclose \$9,000,000 trust deeds against the company and for the appointment of a receiver has been dismissed. ... A repulse of the Comanches, Kiowas and Cheyennes, with a loss of sixteen killed and twenty wounded, followed an attack on the settlement at Doty Wells, Tex., on June 28th. ... Troops were asked for from Vicksburg, Miss., on account of party feeling running high in consequence of an election to be held August 4th. ... The great \$40,000,000 coal land suit of Turnbull vs. Pardee and others has been decided in favor of the defendants in Luzerne County, Pa. ... Americans traveling in Europe find an increase of prices at all noted places of resort. In Paris apartments that were let for two dollars a day in 1872, and three dollars last year, are now three dollars and fifty cents per diem. ... The Washington Grand Jury have found true bills against A. H. Underwood, member of the District Legislature, and Thomas B. Warwick, clerk in the District Comptroller's office, both negroes, for forgery and uttering forged orders. ... Somebody has been attacking many of the citizens of Atlanta upon hundreds of postal cards sent through the post-office. So great is the ensuing excitement in that city that a public meeting has been held to devise means of detection. The accepted theory is that the wife of a merchant who has been socially slighted has taken to slander as a method of vengeance. ... The loss by the Chicago fire is now stated as a little in excess of \$2,000,000. ... The work of laying the new Atlantic cable has been completed. ... A terrible storm passed over Lowell, Mass., inflicting great damage. ... The Boston and Athletic Baseball Clubs have sailed from Philadelphia for Europe. ... Tweed's quarters on Blackwell's Island will be changed to the second floor of the Penitentiary. ... Chicago has ordered 6,000 feet of new hose, to supply the loss by the fire. ... The beet crop of the Sacramento sugar is looking well. ... Virginia and Gold Hill horses have the epizootic again. Grasshoppers have made a clean sweep of everything green in and about Sheridan, Mon. Three-fourths of the grain is destroyed. ... Desperate fighting with Indians is reported at various points in the Western country. ... Chicago is taking steps for more efficient protection against fire. ... The Atlantic and Great Western project for a narrow gauge was announced.

FOREIGN.

PRINCE BISMARCK has received over 1,000 telegrams congratulating him on his escape from assassination. The priest suspected of complicity in the plot has been discharged. ... The lumbermen in Canada are moving for the adoption of measures to prevent the over-production of lumber. ... Count Schouvaloff has been appointed Ambassador of Russia to England. ... The recent storm did much damage in the parish of St. Augustine, Canada. Thirty houses and barns were altogether or partially destroyed. No lives lost. ... The police of Berlin, in accordance with a telegram from Kissingen, have searched the house of M. Cremen, editor of the Germania, and other prominent Ultramontanes, and seized a number of documents. ... The British steamships Tenedos and Petrel were at anchor in the harbor of Panama on the 11th of July. The Tenedos was to have left for Guatemala on that day to inquire into the late outrage on Vice-Consul Magee; but it was subsequently reported that the Petrel would be dispatched in her place. ... The Government of Costa Rica is taking charge of the railroad to be constructed in that State, and is pushing it to completion as rapidly as circumstances will permit. It is proposed to lay a telegraph cable from Port Limon to Aspinwall, with land lines to connect with Nicaragua, San Salvador, and Guatemala. ... According to reports from Panama to July 11th there were fears of coming revolutions arising, apparently, from the expected return of Senators and Representatives from Bogota. The Government issued a fly-sheet, assuring the people that there was no foundation for alarm, that the country needs peace, and that measures had been taken for its preservation. ... A banquet was given in Mexico on the 4th of July in honor of American Independence. All the Americans in the city were present. ... Mount Vesuvius is to have a railroad to the top costing \$4,000,000. The upper station will be guarded by a pent house, so as to protect it in case of eruption, and the line is to be constructed in such a way that the utmost danger to be apprehended is the loss of a few hundred feet of rails. ... The Corporation of London have resolved to have a medal struck in commemoration of the visit of the Czar. ... The composers employed on London weekly newspapers have addressed a demand to the master printers for an advance of 3 pence for every hour of extra time, and of 6 pence for every hour of Sunday work, no compositor to receive less than half a crown extra for Sunday work. The compositors employed on the daily papers have asked for an advance of a halfpenny per 1,000 letters, and for an increase of pay for Sunday work. ... The Prussian Government has increased the stringency of the regulations against Ultramontane agitation. ... The Chevalier Nigra has given assurances of the cordial friendship between France and Italy. ... The city of Cuenca has surrendered to the Carlists. ... All Spain has been declared in a state of siege. ... The French Cabinet crisis has come to an end; the Baron de Chabaud-Latour has been appointed Minister of the Interior, and M. Bodet, Minister of Finance. Debate on the constitutional bills has been postponed.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

CINCINNATI's new Opera House is to be dedicated September 7th.
MRS. STOLA is pronounced a grand dramatic singer of the Titians type.
MATILDA PHILLIPS, sister of Adelaide, will appear in opera in Italy next Fall.
It is said that Salvini will come back to New York two years hence, and act King Lear.
MISS LYDIA THOMPSON purposes to lead over another troupe of blondes in the Spring of 1875.
MRS. LANDER will make a professional tour of the country with Mr. Frank Lawlor next season.
The reappearance in New York of the San Francisco Minstrels is assigned for September 1st, when they will open their new hall.
MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLONG is to have a fine English opera troupe next season, including Castle, Campbell, Mrs. Segun, Maas and Carlton, and will give Balie's "Talismano" and "Mignon."
BOCCICAUT's new drama, with which Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer intend to begin their theatrical campaign at Booth's Theatre on August 10th, relates to the period of the civil war, and is romantic, domestic, and of a pure tone. Mr. John McCullough and Miss Katharine Rogers will act in it. Mr. Boccicault and Mr. Harry Palmer have sailed from Liverpool for New York.
SAN FRANCISCO has just opened another Chinese theatre. Eighteen hundred persons attended the play, which lasted from 7.30 Saturday evening until nearly 3 o'clock the next morning. A local paper says that the costumes of the actors were magnificent, and were all made for the opening night. Tea drinking was indulged in, and cigars and cigarettes were smoked to excess.



RESIDENCE OF THEODORE TILTON, NO. 174 LIVINGSTON STREET, BROOKLYN.



MRS. ELIZABETH R. TILTON.



REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.



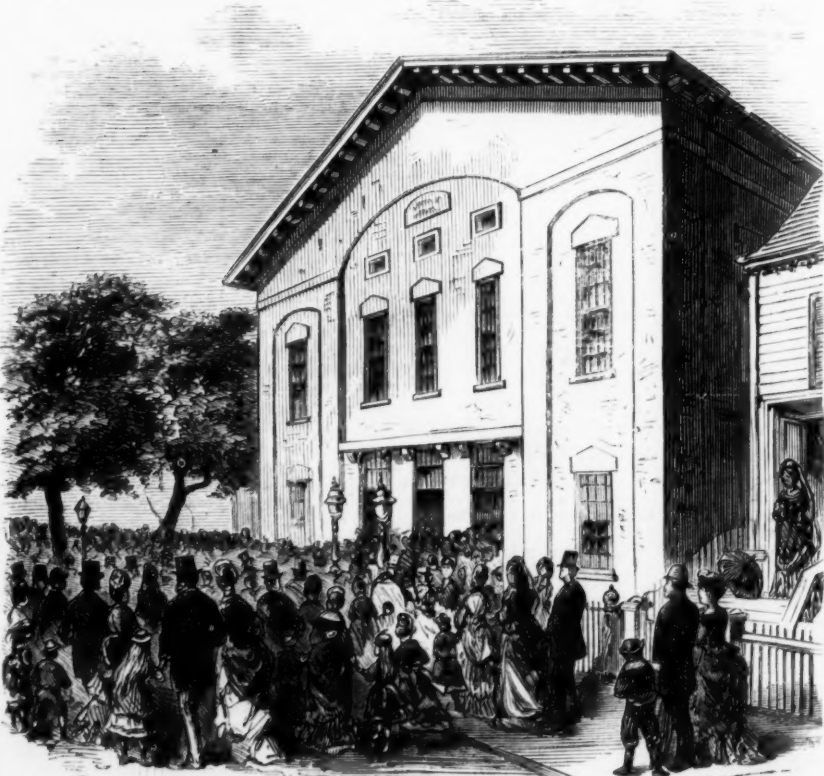
REPORTERS ENDEAVORING TO OBTAIN ADMISSION TO A MEETING OF THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE AT MR. STORRS'S HOUSE.



REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER PURCHASING EXTRAS FROM THE NEWSBOYS.



MR. BEECHER'S SUMMER RESIDENCE.



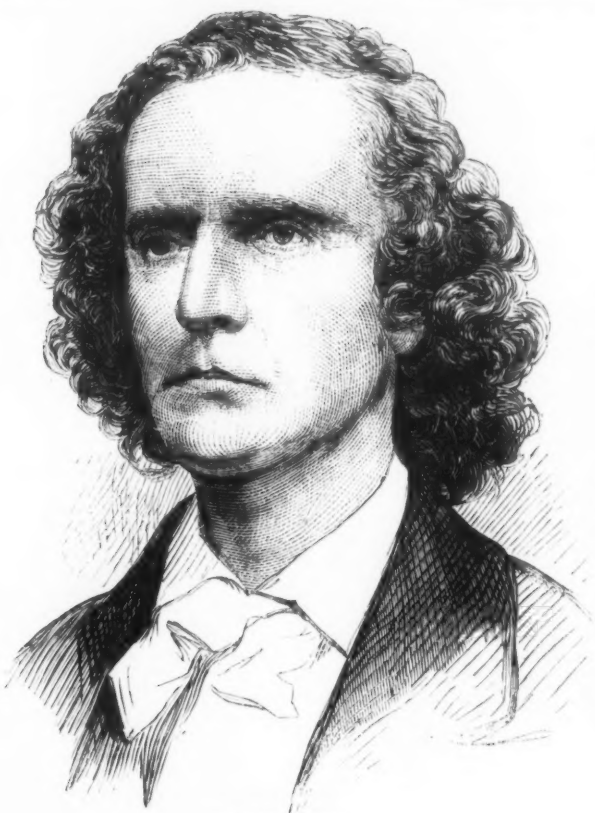
PLYMOUTH CHURCH, ORANGE STREET BROOKLYN.



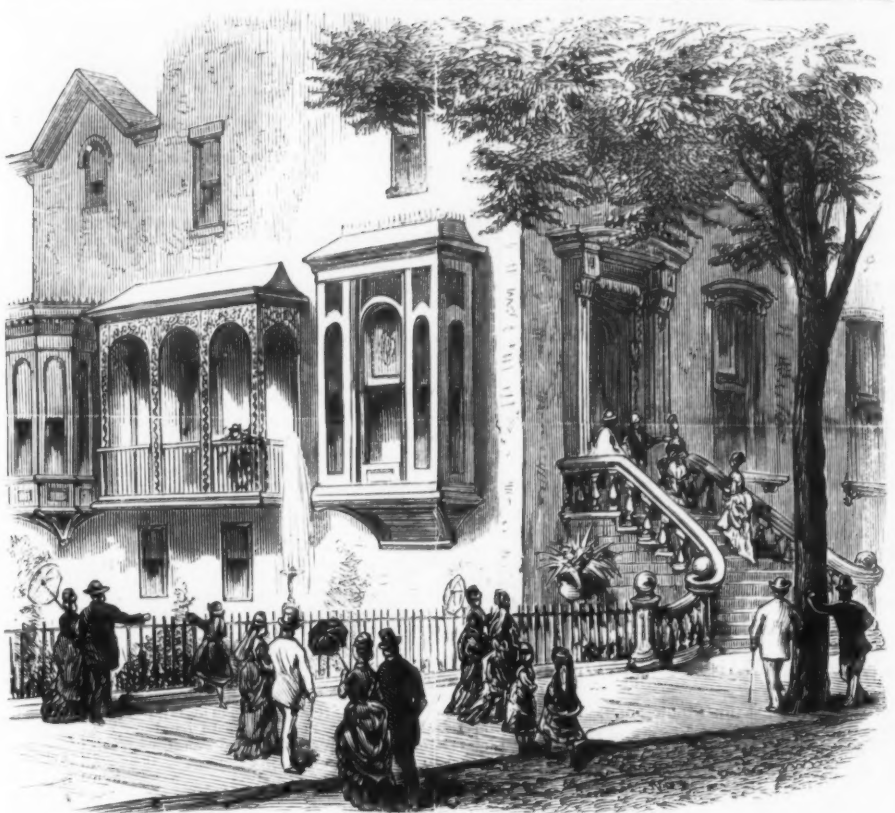
LADIES BRINGING BOUQUETS TO MR. BEECHER.



MR. FRANK MOULTON, "THE MUTUAL FRIEND," BY THE BEECHER-TILTON SOCIETY.



THEODORE TILTON.



RESIDENCE OF MR. AUGUSTUS STORRS, 34 MONROE PLACE, BROOKLYN, THE PLACE OF MEETING OF THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE



SUMMER HOUSE IN FRESHKILL, N. Y.



MR. BEECHER SUPERVISING HIS FARM-WORK.



NEW YORK PEDESTRIANS READING MR. TILTON'S STATEMENT.



THEODORE TILTON INTERVIEWED BY REPORTERS.



THE DINNER AT DELMONICO'S—THEODORE TILTON AND FRANK MOULTON CONSULTING WITH GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

DEAD DAYS.

I CANNOT let lost life with lost years go—
I must look back to what I used to know
And, looking, weep;
I must remember that my double life
Of happiness is now a single strife,
And that you sleep
All through the longest days of Summer glow,
And through the longest nights of Winter snow.
Love played with us in childhood, and it came
Along with us in after days the same,
With joy and rest;
The pleasant months grow into changing years,
And changing pleasures chide little tears
From our sweet nest;
I must remember that my whole life grew
In fairer, purer ways, because of you.
I cannot help my heart, my tears must flow,
And though the sun is on me, I must know
A day that died;
The frightened clock ran down—oh, bitter spite!
From twelve at noon to twelve o'clock at night;
And fever-eyed,
I live in body, but my heart is dead,
Like a dry leaf upon a spider's thread.
My Dorothy, the days shall dawn again,
And purity shall come because of pain—
The hours shall rise;
Old tears shall be prophetic of the true,
And clouds of white shall float beneath the blue;
And your brown eyes
Shall open on me for our long love's sake,
And under your sweet gaze I shall awake.

THE FREEMANTLE DIVORCE.

CHAPTER I.—THE WIDOW DOLMAN.

THE outlines of a certain part of this history appeared in the public press a few years since; but there was nothing in them to separate it from narratives of a kind which are, alas, of sufficiently common occurrence. The story attracted no great attention at the time, and is to-day probably forgotten. There were, however, circumstances connected with it which, to those who knew the persons whose interests were affected by the result, invest it with a character of its own, and justify its being told anew with a fullness which was necessarily wanting in the original bare statement of events. It was of course impossible for the sequel to obtain publicity by any ordinary channel; and it is especially desirable that this should form a part of the story I have undertaken to relate:

"Really, Freemantle, this kind of thing cannot go on any longer! You never come near the office, and I find that I have more on my hands than I can do justice to. Several clients have gone away because their cases could not receive proper attention. I did not grumble at your absence after that most unfortunate affair with your wife—God forgive you!—but now it has become so serious, and threatens to do so much mischief, I cannot keep silent any longer."

"I know you have good cause to complain, Houghton; and you have been very kind hitherto. But I am utterly unfitted for work, and every day I find myself more so. I have really no heart for anything."

Saying this, Mr. Freemantle sighed heavily. The speakers were members of a firm of solicitors whose office was in the Temple, and the scene of the conversation was in Mr. Horace Freemantle's chambers, Sloane Street. He was the junior partner; and it was the senior, Mr. John Houghton, who was thus complaining of the other's constant absence from the office, which had already been the cause of serious losses to the firm, in impatient and sorely tried clients taking their cases elsewhere, and which, if persisted in, would necessarily lead to still further inconvenience.

Freemantle was some five-and-thirty years of age, good-looking, with a tall, slim and graceful figure. There were, however, marked signs of illness and trouble in his face; his bearing generally, too, was that of a man who was laboring under considerable mental depression. Mr. Houghton, on the contrary, was a short, strong, hearty man of sixty, who certainly had more vitality about him than his junior partner.

"I really have no heart for anything," repeated the latter, in the same weary voice.

"You look as if you had not," said Mr. Houghton, with some commiseration in his voice. "Well, it is altogether a very sad business. But we must come to an understanding. It is impossible that the present state of things can continue. It is painful for me to say it, Freemantle, but there must be an end to our partnership. I cannot do all the work, which is now heavy; and I must look out for some one to take your place who will have some heart to plow into the concern."

"You wish to dissolve partnership?" said Freemantle, now looking up quickly into his partner's face. "It is hard on me; but if you insist upon it, I can say nothing."

"My dear fellow, this is not a hurried decision of mine. I have waited months, hoping your old energy would return, and that you would bear your share of the burden. And now I see from your looks, which are really most distressing to me, that I can hope so no longer. Of course I shall repay you all the money which you have put into the business. I won't take any advantage of you."

"You are very good," answered Freemantle, resting his head upon his hand. "The partnership can be canceled when you like. I can't protest against it. My medical man told me the other day that my constitution was so broken, that it was not difficult to say what might happen if things did not soon mend."

"I trust it is not so bad as this."

"I fear it is. That cursed affair will kill me."

"You will have only yourself to blame, Freemantle. How could you have been so madly wicked?" said Mr. Houghton; and a frown darkened his face.

"I know that I have only myself to blame. Don't reproach me, Houghton. My own self-reproaches are constant and intolerable. I fancy sometimes I am going mad. Does—does that woman, Mrs. Dolman, ever inquire for me at the office?"

"She hasn't been near the place for months. She is a hard, bold woman; but she would like to see me. I would have thrown a thousand pounds any day into a gutter rather than she should have crossed the threshold of my office."

"She has never discovered my whereabouts in this street. Poor Alice! I love her still, Houghton. It is that which makes my fate so bitter. We are separated; we are separated for ever—oh, my God!—and yet I shall never cease to love her! Curse that woman who came between us, and made me the unhappy wretch I am!"

"You did your wife grievous wrong," said Mr. Houghton, angrily, "and for what a provocation! Heaven forgive you; it has been a most unhappy business."

"I wonder whether Alice will ever forgive me?" said Horace, in a sad, doubting voice. "I should be happier if I thought she could do so. I sometimes think she would pardon me if she knew how bitterly I have repented, how broken I am, and that through all the horrible time I never ceased to love her, and that I never shall."

And he covered his face with his hands, and sighed heavily.
"Good-by, Freemantle. I wish my business with you had been pleasanter to-day."
"Good-by."

All business relationship subsisting between Mr. Houghton and Mr. Freemantle terminated in a few days; the latter receiving back the three thousand pounds which had been paid by him at the commencement of the partnership. The interest of this money, and that of a couple of thousand more which Horace Freemantle had been enabled to lay aside, would for the future represent his income; being considerably less than that which he had been in the habit of drawing during his connection with Mr. Houghton for seven years past. But he was a beaten and broken man, and had hardly heart enough to complain even of his crippled means.

How happened it that one so young, whose entry into life had commenced under the happiest and most prosperous auspices, so soon found his fortune reduced, his home broken up, his prospects fatally blighted, and his health terribly, and perhaps fatally, undermined?

Many months before this interview, and late one afternoon—so late that Horace Freemantle was already working by lamplight at his office in the Temple—a clerk announced the name of Mrs. Dolman. He was entirely unfamiliar with the name as that of a client; and when she was ushered into his room, he saw that she was quite a stranger, and that she was also young, beautiful, and most handsomely dressed. It was a long time since he had seen so charming an object in his office; and the faint and rather uncertain light from his lamp falling on this beautiful woman served to heighten the interest of her presence, and lend thereby a fascination to the interview. Mrs. Dolman spoke in a remarkably pleasant voice, and was soon, in a familiar manner, explaining her position and the business which had brought her to Mr. Freemantle's office.

It appeared that her husband had been a wealthy brewer, who upon his death, some three years since, had left her an ample income charged upon his real estate, and in addition a sum of money amounting to twelve thousand pounds. About the income there was no dispute whatever, but her claim to the twelve thousand pounds, owing to the imperfect wording of the will, and to other causes as well, was disputed by some relatives of her husband's, who, however, offered to compromise the matter, and not bring it into court, if she would consent to take a smaller sum. This she resolutely refused to do. She claimed the full twelve thousand pounds, and would not abate one farthing of her demand. On this point she was very emphatic, and showed Mr. Freemantle that she was so in a manner that left no doubt whatever in his mind. She had quarreled with her solicitors, who had suggested compliance on her part; and now, upon the recommendation of a friend with whom Houghton & Freemantle had done business, she sought Messrs. Houghton & Freemantle's legal assistance. The senior partner having taken his departure some two hours since, she brought the matter before Mr. Freemantle, trusting that he would be able to carry the case for her, the particulars of which she described with considerable minuteness, backing up her arguments and facts by prompt references to papers and documents, all carefully prepared, which gave Mr. Freemantle the impression that she was an excellent woman of business. Mrs. Dolman impressed him also with the fact that she was a woman with a temper, and that her combative powers would not yield under ordinary pressure.

She sat with him nearly two hours, and by this time he had, as far as possible, mastered the facts of her case. She went away, graciously thanking him for the patience with which he had listened to her, and made an appointment for the following day. Horace Freemantle admitted to himself that he had never had a more beautiful client.

Her appointment for the next day was duly kept. This day was very fine and bright; even the sombre courts of the Temple were penetrated here and there with a few gleams of sunshine. Mr. Freemantle was walking to his office, when he heard Mrs. Dolman's pleasant voice behind him, and turning round, he saw, almost with surprise, how very beautiful she was; for all her beauties had been but imperfectly revealed the evening before in his dull rooms; and the sun was now falling upon her figure, and conferring a brightness on her which was all the more striking from the dullness of the surrounding courts.

"Do you think you will be able to carry my case for me, Mr. Freemantle?" asked this bright object, as she joined him and walked with him to his office. "If so, you will confer a heavy obligation on me."

"I have no doubt about it whatever. I have been talking the matter over this morning with counsel, who is of opinion that your position is unassailable."

"How glad I am! and how good of you to go so promptly to work! It is hard to lose so much money; and the people who want it are so disagreeable and rude. My husband's friends never liked me; but I didn't mind that. I like opposition, if I can overcome it. Mr. Freemantle; and you really think my point will be carried?"

"I do, indeed."

"I have brought more papers this morning; and I trust when you have read them that you will know everything."

"It shall not be my fault if you are not victorious," said Horace Freemantle, enthusiastically; and so frail is man, that far less enthusiasm would have been infused into his method of address if his client had been a plainer and older woman.

Mrs. Dolman—as her admission on the previous evening relative to the date of her marriage with her husband proved to Mr. Freemantle—was about thirty-two years of age, but she looked younger, even in spite of the fullness of her figure. Her hair was light and plentiful; her eyes, gray and full, were wide apart. Lovely as they appeared this morning to Horace Freemantle in the pleasant sunshine, they had flashed very wrathfully more than once on the evening before, when she had cause to speak of the proceedings of her enemies and of her determination to fight them to the uttermost.

Her complexion was bright—owing nothing of its brightness to artificial means—and she had, when not angry, a charm of manner which was irresistible. Perhaps her forehead was too bold and broad for a woman, and her mouth too large, but her smile was occasionally very sweet. At certain times, however, this smile quite disappeared, and the change in the expression of her face was then disagreeably striking. She showed no frowns this morning, for, assured by Mr. Freemantle that her case would prosper, her manner was all pleasantness. She talked of many things besides her case, but this was not until she had explained every matter relating

thereto which she had been obliged to leave untouched on the preceding day. When this was done, and done in a way which elicited some fervid compliments from her solicitor, she spoke of other matters. A most charming client she was. Mr. Freemantle found himself laughing very heartily and unprofessionally. How wonderfully she mimicked her opponents, and the solicitors she had employed, and the solicitors employed against her! Horace Freemantle knew these, and was astonished at her droll reproduction of their peculiarities.

When beautiful Mrs. Dolman was gone, having made the old stairs leading to his office ring with her laughter upon her descent, he addressed himself to her case with considerable ardor; and this devotion to a client's interests was certainly in nowise due to the agreeable conviction that she could well afford to pay for his services; her handsome face and fascinating manner (foolish Horace!) having had too much to do with his enthusiasm. He liked fighting, and fighting with his best strength, in a good cause. Now, Mrs. Dolman's was a very good one indeed; and the devil, in baiting the hook for Horace Freemantle's soul, allowed this highly creditable disposition to be mixed with the ingredients of his bait.

"Who on earth have you had with you?" asked Houghton, looking in at the door.

"Mrs. Dolman. She called last evening, and made another appointment for to-day. Trench recommended her to us."

"Dolman—widow of the brewer? I've heard of her. A plague-some little devil! She's quarreled with no end of solicitors. The Widow Dolman worried her husband into the grave, alienated all her friends, and set Parker & Lewis so by the ears that they didn't speak to each other for six months, and were obliged to throw up her business in order to become friends again! The Widow Dolman is a firebrand. I'm glad she didn't find me at the office, for I wouldn't have been bothered by her affairs. You'll discover that she's a tartar, Freemantle."

"She's a charming woman; I have never met any one so agreeable. She has the head of a lawyer."

"And the claws of a cat."

Horace Freemantle, always an admirable man of business, was especially so in the case of Mrs. Dolman, or "the Widow Dolman," as she soon came to be called by the clerks in the office. Hostile attorneys referred to her in their letters as "the Widow Dolman," an appellation she at first resented, and afterwards laughed at it. So, this title, in all matters of business, clung to her. Determined to be victorious, it at last seemed to her that she was destined to be gratified. Months, however, before this happy termination of her case was foreseen, she had become something more than a client of Mr. Freemantle's—she had become his very intimate friend and the intimate friend of his wife as well.

"When will Mrs. Dolman's case be finished?" asked Mrs. Freemantle of her husband one day—some four months after her introduction to the lady at her husband's office.

By this time Alice Freemantle had for several reasons come to regret the intimacy with the lady. "Very shortly, Alice, now. And for Mrs. Dolman's sake, I shall be glad indeed. She has been kept in suspense a long time."

"It doesn't seem that she cares about being kept in suspense."

"No; she has plenty of courage. I never knew a woman who was more undaunted."

"And when her case is over, do you think she will be as intimate with us as she has been for the last few months?"

"I suppose so. Why?" asked Horace, looking at his wife in a quick, surprised, and curious manner.

"Oh? Horace, I don't like her! I thought at first that I could do so, but I cannot."

"Cannot like her?" said her husband, slightly changing color, and then speaking with an effort.

"How absurd! I thought you were the best of friends. She is a charming woman, and has shown you many kindnesses. Why are you prejudiced against her?"

"I can hardly explain why I am prejudiced. You know that I do not like her, Horace, because I do not think she is worthy of being liked."

Freemantle said nothing for a few moments. His head was bent downwards, and his wife could see that his forehead was knitted with frowns. He passed his hand, too, over it once or twice, and seemed troubled.

"Alice, you are not often uncharitable," he said at last, "and I am surprised that you should be so in this case. Mrs. Dolman is an excellent client; she has been an ill-used woman in many respects, and in aiding her case I have been acting from a sincere conviction of doing what was right. It is very singular that you should think so differently of her from myself."

"I do think differently of her from you," answered his wife, with a sigh; "and I fear I always shall do so about Mrs. Dolman. I do not like to be uncharitable; I wish from my heart I could think kindly of her. I cannot speak against my convictions. You must forgive me, Horace; but I wish I had never known her, and I wish you had never known her, too!"

"I! You are jealous, Alice."

"Jealous—jealous, Horace! How can you say that of me? I love and trust you too much, far too much, to be jealous of you. Now you are doing me an injustice! I know how good and noble you are, and I dare say you are sincere in thinking that Mrs. Dolman is worthy of your friendship and of my own. You must not accuse me thus; for I love you and trust you completely, Horace."

"Yes, yes; I know that, my dear Alice; but women get such crotchets into their head, without any cause or provocation whatever. I thought that poor Mrs. Dolman might by some means—though goodness knows how—have given rise to some absurd feeling, or something of the kind, on your part. Doctors' wives, you know, before this have been jealous of their husbands' pretty patients, and lawyers' wives, too, of their husbands' too pretty clients."

"Don't be angry with me, Horace. You spoke harshly."

It was very sad for her to hear her husband speak in this tone, and she was eager to remove his displeasure.

"Then I am not to tell Mrs. Dolman, when her case is over, that she must discontinue her intimacy with us because you dislike her, and would, if she presented herself, refuse to see her, and do other disagreeable things—eh?"

"No, no, dear Horace," said his wife, eagerly.

"Pray overlook what I have said. I dare say you are right; I was foolish. If I have prejudices against certain persons, I know I ought to conquer them. It is wrong to harbor uncharitable thoughts; I will not do so any longer. Pray say that you forgive me."

"Oh, I forgive you, Alice. Poor Mrs. Dolman! To think that you, who have a good word for everybody, should for a moment even have conceived an antipathy to her!"

"Do not say anything to Mrs. Dolman; only tell me again that you are not angry with me."

And Alice turned a pleading face to her husband, and was fain to be content with his nodding assurance that she might consider herself pardoned. But Alice Freemantle's heart was not at ease yet. She was certainly not jealous of Mrs. Dolman, but her sentiments regarding this lady were not removed by all that Horace had said. She sat down, and was silent for some time.

"You are surely not worrying yourself about Mrs. Dolman now?" said Horace, as he noticed that her countenance still remained rather troubled.

She only looked into his face with a sigh.

"I hoped you had got that nonsense out of your head," he said, rather roughly. "A few minutes ago you were confessing that you were unjustly prejudiced, and asking to be forgiven."

After this there was no allusion, however distant, to Mrs. Dolman; and in a little while he went and sat by his wife's side, chatting affectionately of many things, and at last causing all signs of discomfort on her face to vanish completely.

Horace Freemantle had more than one great cause for loving his wife—as indeed he did very tenderly—for his success in life had been in good measure owing to her. She was a wife in a thousand; so at least was the verdict of those who knew her, and these were not a small number. If Alice was not strictly beautiful, she was certainly not wanting in many charms of appearance for which men look when they choose their wives. Her face was very sweet and tender in its expression, with little color, and her brown eyes had a soft glow in them which was very winning indeed. She had also that crowning charm in a woman—a low and yet admirably distinct voice. Although she was neither willful nor passionate, being invariably the first to remove any ground of difference between herself and Horace, she had a fund of self-possession and a ready power of decision which, when she had satisfied herself that submission or wavering would be blameworthy, were exercised with a quiet emphasis against which it was vain to appeal. But Alice kept this power in abeyance, as a rule; and with her circumstances had been kind in so falling out that she had rarely been called upon to show herself in a very self-assertive mood.

It has been stated that a good deal of her husband's successes in life had been owing to her, and it happened in this wise: When he was first introduced to her he was a solicitor practicing by himself, and not too successfully, and she was a relative of his present partner, Mr. Houghton, and in possession of very fair means. Property had been settled upon her by her father, the income from which was nearly three hundred pounds a year; and only a few months before her present husband's introduction to her, an aunt had left her uncontrolled mistress of nearly four thousand pounds. The latter sum of money was found useful in purchasing him a share in Mr. Houghton's firm, from which a partner had just retired, and in meeting certain preliminary expenses in his matrimonial life. So it may with justice be said that he owed much, if not all, of his success in life to his wife. Up to the present moment, indeed, he had shown that he was grateful to her for the many good things which had come to him from his marriage with her.

Horace Freemantle was also not a little proud because Alice had chosen him in preference to her cousin George Marriot, whom she had certainly liked very much, and whose chances with her were thought to be good until Horace appeared. It was not, however, considered that Alice had jilted her cousin; for when she had once passed her word she was one who for no consideration whatever would have withdrawn it, and George Marriot, who was still unmarried, felt any regrets, as indeed he did, he was wise enough not to show them. Mrs. Dolman had frequently met at his cousin's, and she had adroitly wormed out of him all he had once hoped regarding Alice.

So as Horace, possibly calling to mind some of the facts which stood out marked amongst the triumphs of his life, sat by his wife's side this evening, he paid her attentions which he knew would be most pleasing to her, feeling sincerely that much indeed was due from him to her, and that he owed her amends for having spoken irritably when beautiful Mrs. Dolman's name was mentioned a little while since. Alice was at last happy, and perfectly satisfied with his conduct.

That day which Mrs. Freemantle was looking forward to as one on which she might possibly date the lessening of Mrs. Dolman's intimacy with her husband and herself duly arrived. Mrs. Dolman wrote her a friendly letter, saying that she would await the decision of the Chancellor regarding her twelve thousand pounds at Mrs. Freemantle's house, Elgin Crescent, Bayswater, rather than at the Temple, and came according to her appointment and at the hour she had fixed—about two o'clock—most charmingly dressed, and in the highest spirits; but Mrs. Freemantle was not visible.

"Mistress is very unwell," said a servant, eying the brilliant lady curiously. "She fainted away in master's study this morning as she was reading a letter."

"Indeed! How sorry I am to hear that! Is she too ill to see me?" A look of anxiety clouded Mrs. Dolman's face, but it vanished in a moment.

"Much too ill, ma'am," replied the servant, who was now busy with the luncheon.

The next moment Mr. Freemantle dashed up in a hansom.

"How is the verdict?" eagerly cried his client, as he entered the room.

"In your favor, of course."

"At last!" cried Mrs. Dolman, with ecstasy, and shaking her friend warmly by the hand. "At last! Oh, I knew I should be victorious! anticipating such a result. I have sent a telegram to Richmond ordering a dinner for us and giving carte blanche. How we shall enjoy ourselves! But—for a moment she had forgotten Mrs. Freemantle's illness—alas! if your wife is ill, I fear it must be postponed."

"My wife ill? She was very well this morning."

"I hope she will be able to sympathize with me in my success, and to exert herself sufficiently to go. If not, I must of course countermand my orders, and it would be so grievous to have to do this. Do go and see whether you can influence dear Mrs. Freemantle! How glad I am that those greedy people are disappointed! And those nasty solicitors who opposed me, and would speak of me as the Widow Dolman! If I see them I will tell them I ordered such a dinner to celebrate their defeat. Your wife must come."

Horace Freemantle went up-stairs to Alice, and came back ten minutes afterwards, rather pale in the face.

"Well?" said Mrs. Dolman, all smiles and eagerness, but with a softened undertone of sympathy in her inquiry.

"She is really too ill to come; and of course I cannot go without her," replied Horace.

"Is she in bed?"

"No; but, as I said, she is too ill to come, and seems in very low spirits."

"Well, it is a disappointment, a great disappointment, and I must postpone the dinner. I cannot

ask you to accompany me alone. Thanks, thanks for your great assistance! I cannot be grateful enough. Now, good-by. I must write some letters of triumph."

Saying this, laughing, and rustling her silk dress, Mrs. Dolman went away; but she came back again, telling Horace to give her love to his charming wife. A servant had been present at intervals during this interview, busy with the luncheon, but now went finally away, closing the door after her.

As Mr. Freemantle was standing leisurely at the window, about five minutes afterwards, his wife entered. Hearing behind him a deep sigh, he turned.

"Alice!"

He now saw that she had an open letter in her hand, and started as if he had received a great shock.

"Horace"—she did not speak again until after there had been a long silence between husband and wife—"what is the meaning of this letter? What right has that woman to call you—you, my husband—'dear Horace'? What right have you given her to address you in these terms?"

There was not a word from him; his heart beat fast; he could hear it in the dead pause which again came to his wife's words.

"What is she to you?" His wife put this question in a low voice, as though she found it hard to speak at all. "Answer me, if you can, and tell me that I am deceived. Are you still silent? There is then nothing for you to deny. Horace, you love this woman, or you have given her cause to think that you do. I found this letter of hers by accident, and have only read enough to open my eyes. Speak, if you are able. Why does Mrs. Dolman write to you in this tone?"

Horace Freemantle still maintained his fatal silence.

Alice dropped the letter from her hands and sat down.

Addressed to him at his office some days since, and brought home after, as he believed, it had been destroyed, and carelessly thrown in his desk with some other papers of indifferent importance, the letter had come this morning by accident into his wife's hands, and suggested the existence of a relationship between her husband and Mrs. Dolman which she would not have previously dishonored him for a moment by believing possible.

Alice called to mind the words of his relative to his affected belief in the jealousy of Mrs. Dolman spoken only a few days since, and it seemed to her that he had only uttered them with a view to blind her; and in her horror at the discovery that he should have even gone out of the way to throw dust in her eyes, she felt almost to scorn him.

"I ask you to tell me again, Horace, whether I must believe that you have ceased to care for me for that woman's sake? I believed that she was false and wicked. My instincts were right; and you defended her, knowing—oh, how could you be so cruel to me?"

"I have never ceased to love you, Alice, never," he said, at last.

It was a miserable defense; he had no other.

"Never ceased to love me!" cried Alice, in such a tone of indignation and contempt that Horace's sense of humiliation seemed to reach its profoundest depths. "Then such love as you have had for me has only been a disgrace and a shame—oh, such a shame! Never ceased to love me! And this is all you have to say! You are deceiving yourself, Horace, and trying to deceive me. You cannot, however, do this now. My eyes are opened. You have been false, wickedly false to me."

But it was hard to realize this fact; it implied so terrible a dishonor to her that when she spoke again she spoke as though for an instant she clung to some hope, despite the weight of evidence which had lately been in her hands, and the guilty, abashed look of her silent husband.

"Deny it if you can! I have asked you anxiously to do so. Tell me that I have read this letter wrongly—that I have been deceived—that I have judged you harshly. But if I am to know the worst—that Mrs. Dolman is your mistress—let me know it! Do not excuse or extenuate your conduct by pleading any love for me. Let me know, I beseech you, at once, if this letter signifies all I fear. It would not be so horrible as this uncertainty!"

Even so urged, it was impossible for Horace Freemantle to answer at once; but he could not deny, or affect to deny by artifice or cleverly invented explanation, the importance which underlay Mrs. Dolman's letter. He loved his wife; never more, perhaps, than at this moment, when the decision as to his future fate with her lay as she should direct, and every word she uttered struck him like an arrow.

"Forgive me, Alice. I—ask me to say no more; ask me to say no more!"

"Then it is as I feared, Horace! God forgive you; but you have broken my heart."

"No, no, you must not say that, Alice," and he arose and went to where his wife was sitting, and tried to take her hand.

The unhappy woman had burst into a wild flood of tears. Her agony was great. As he witnessed it, he cursed himself for his folly, his heartlessness, his crime; he could give it no other name. He pleaded for her forgiveness. He loved her now; he had loved her always; he would not attempt any process of extenuation; he threw himself at her feet for mercy; his misery was intolerable, his remorse keen.

"All this is too late, Horace. You don't know what a woman is—a woman who loves, as I have loved you these seven years past." She was quieter now; but perhaps in this altered and softened mood there was even a profounder sense of her great wrong and great suffering.

"For seven years past I have thought of you with a passion and a solicitude for your interests which have deepened day by day; and I should have considered that I was doing you cruel injustice had I ever suspected you and been jealous of you for one moment. How generously you have repaid me! Ah, you thought you could blind me! I don't know, Horace, which seems hardest for me to bear—this monstrous, this unjustifiable wrong, or the conviction that you hoped to deceive me about it. I cannot live with you after this."

This decision he had dreaded, and now argued against it with all the eloquence he could muster; but it was long before she would listen, much less withdraw her determination; indeed, her submission to his request that she would recall her words was but a qualified one. He placed his arm around her, and was about to kiss her. She drew back.

"Do not do that, Horace. I cannot bear it. It is unnecessary for you to see Mrs. Dolman again," she shuddered as she mentioned this name.

"Her case is over, I suppose; and Mr. Houghton can do anything further that may be required. You must not see her, and I must have your promise that you will not do so. I claim this. After what has taken place to-day, you cannot frame any excuse for having an interview with her. If you have any respect—I will not say love—for me in the world, you will not surely refuse me this request. I shall not be at home to her if she calls here. Give me your word, Horace, that you will not see her."

He gave his word. And he was a liar, for he broke it.

More than six weeks went by. For a month Horace Freemantle had not been to his office. The settlement of Mrs. Dolman's affairs was effected by his partner. This month Horace and his wife had spent at Hastings. It was here they had spent their honeymoon, and here he at last received her assurance that she forgave him.

Driving with her husband about the pretty country there lying, and calling to remembrance the happy time of seven years ago, Alice could not find it in her heart to deny him the full pardon for which he craved.

When he returned to town he found a letter lying at his club from Mrs. Dolman. It stated that she had been very ill, and besought him eagerly to call upon her on some further business matters. These "further business matters," he, after some self-commune, affected to believe genuine. In spite, therefore, of the promise he had made his wife, he obeyed Mrs. Dolman's fervid summons, and called upon her.

At the end of six weeks he was once more in full work again; and one afternoon Mrs. Dolman, much to his surprise, called at his office. Before leaving home in the morning, Alice had said there was some probability that she should call in the carriage for him that day.

"Here I am in the Temple once again," said Mrs. Dolman, her silk dress rustling as she threw herself into a chair, "and it is just as dull as ever! I thought it odd that you should run away from town just after my case was finished, and leave me in the hands of Mr. Houghton, who is not half so agreeable as you. You haven't explained this to me; nor some other things as well, by-the-way. I called at your house at Bayswater in the beginning of the week, but your charming wife was not at home, and I called again to-day, and was told the same story. I did not believe it. Your wife doesn't like me, Horace."

Mr. Freemantle was silent, playing in a fidgety manner with his pens.

"Confess, Horace, that she does not like me. I am not, I fear, good enough for her. I believe it was all her work that you went away directly I had won my glorious victory. Now, didn't she make you go, Horace? You look quite foolish, and cannot deny it. I am too fascinating a client—eh? Sometimes I am vain enough to think that all the solicitors who retired from my case were driven to do so because their wives were jealous of me! Why don't you speak, Horace?"

"I wish you had not come here to-day."

Now Horace had made no mention to her of his wife's discovery, and of what had subsequently happened; so Mrs. Dolman had no apprehension of the amplitude of Mrs. Freemantle's justification for refusing to see her again.

"How rude you are!" And Mrs. Dolman laughed a hard, disagreeable laugh. "I am here only as a client. Are these dull offices only to be visited by men? Women have wrongs as well, and have a right to consult their solicitors about them. If I pay your bill without taxing it, why can I not come here as often as I like? If I call at your wife's she won't see me; she is either ill, or out, or has some other excuse ready. But I shall call again there, and yet again, till she does see me. Dear Mrs. Freemantle, why should she dislike me? Tell me the truth, Horace. I'll swear she ordered you not to see me, and you promised you would not do so. And how you have kept your promise!"

Horace writhed under this question, for his falsehood seemed the more terrible when referred to in the light words of this woman. "You came when I wrote to you, did you not?—again and again, did you not? And you will come again in spite of what your wife says, won't you, Horace?"

Mrs. Dolman laughed at every pause she made, so that neither she nor her listener heard the door of his office opening and the footsteps of some one entering. It was Alice Freemantle, who now stood in the middle of the room, and enough had reached her to satisfy her how faithfully her husband had kept his word.

"Mr. Freemantle, I believe your wife worships you for your extraordinary virtues," said Mrs. Dolman. "You really are very clever."

Before she could complete her sentence, the wretched woman who had thus silently entered, after saying "Horace!" with a bitter, broken cry, fell heavily, fainting, to the ground. Mrs. Dolman rose, alarmed, from her chair, and a frightful look passed over Horace's face as he realized the completeness of the discovery which had just happened.

Horace Freemantle's lie was punished with stern and swift severity.

The law separated him and his wife; for Alice forgave not a second time. Then disaster succeeded disaster. Knowing how heavy a debt was due from him to his wife, his friends with one voice condemned him without mercy or right of appeal. Men looked askance at and avoided him. No wonder he cursed from his heart the author of his calamities. He refused to see Mrs. Dolman; he paid no regard to her letters. In due course—for his health was broken and he was unable to devote but remittent attention to his professional duties—ensued the dissolution of the profitable partnership subsisting between him and another. It seemed to him that he was paying for his faithlessness and his lie in full.

One bright day shortly afterwards he left England—his route undetermined, his destination uncertain. No convict exiled for life had ever left it more hopeless, or followed by less pity than this man.

(To be continued.)

A NEW NATION.

DISCOVERY OF THE AZTECS IN ARIZONA.

THE campaign of General Crook against the Apaches last year opened to research a tract of land 200 miles square, which is rich in relics of our country's unknown past. It contains a chain of ancient cities in ruins, and a coterie of ancient towns still inhabited by a race which holds itself aloof from Indian and Mexican and American, prides itself on its descent from the ancient inhabitants of the country, and maintains a religion and a government, both of which are peculiar to itself. We are indebted to Captain W. C. Manning, of the regular army, for the facts in our possession concerning this newly discovered race. Captain Manning, who was with General Crook during the whole campaign, and was recommended for promotion by the latter on account of gallantry in the field, explored in the intervals of fighting. He visited the inhabited towns, talked with their rulers, and informed himself concerning their customs. The largest settlement is in New Mexico, about thirty miles south of the border line. It is a type of the rest. A strong wall surrounds it. Within are houses for about 4,000 people. The population has dwindled, however, to about 1,800. The place was mentioned by a Spanish Jesuit who published, in 1529, a description of his wanderings in America.

About 1535 another Jesuit wrote a minute account of it. This account is true in nearly every detail to-day. The language resembles the Chinese—so an ardent archeologist who visited the city a year ago says. Some of the minor customs correspond to those of the Chinese. The women are of the true Celestial type—almond eyes, protuberant bodies, little feet, etc. They dress their hair and themselves in Chinese fashion. Their religion is barbarously magnificent. Montezuma is their deity. His coming is looked for at sunrise each day. Immortality is a part of their creed. The priests have heavily embroidered robes which have been used for unnumbered years. Their ceremonies of worship are formal and pompous. The morality of this strange people, as far as at least as foreigners are concerned, is irreproachable. It is probable that they keep a record of events by means of tying peculiar knots in long cords. This, if true, seems to establish some kinship or remote acquaintanceship between them and the Aztecs. Their government is a Conservative Republic. Power is vested in a council of thirteen caciques. Six of them are selected for life. Old men are generally chosen, in order that their terms of office may not be inordinately long. The remaining seven are elected from time to time. One of them is the Executive; another is a sort of Vice-President. There is a war chief, a chief of police, etc. These seven caciques are usually young men. They serve but a few months. Suffrage is universal. It is scarcely necessary to supplement these facts with the statement that these dwellers in towns are quite far advanced in civilization. On this point one fact speaks volumes. Woman is not a beast of burden with them, as she is with all Indian tribes. She is held in high respect. Her tasks are confined to those of house-keeping. The written records which we have mentioned show that this isolated community has maintained its traditions unbroken for at least three and a half centuries. Its history, carefully studied, may prove a clue to the problem of the aboriginal Americans. The mound-builders of the North and the city-builders of the South may be represented in the town-dwellers of New Mexico and Arizona.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A MEDICAL writer, in a recent work on longevity places the period of decadence of bodily and mental powers at sixty three years of age, the grand climacteric of ancient writers.

MR. VAUX expresses his opinion that Roman influence in India was very great in the first three centuries of our era, and pointed out that this was confirmed by the constant discoveries of Roman gold coins of the Empire in Southern India. At the same time, he did not indorse the views of universal sovereignty put forward in France by M. Renaud and M. Beulé.

MR. CROLL, of the Geological Survey of Scotland, has been arguing in favor of the existence of a great ice sheet over the South of England during the Glacial Period. He had already maintained that the land-ice moving off Scandinavia must have filled the entire Baltic, and that a large portion of this great glacier crossed over Denmark into the German Ocean. He now carries his conclusions further, and seeks to show that a portion of this ice passed across the South of England, and entered the Atlantic in the direction of the Bristol Channel.

DIAMONDS FROM SUGAR.—A French chemist has so far succeeded in his experiments as to have reasonable hopes of producing at least black diamonds, if not colorless ones, from sugar. He has already obtained a carbon cylinder hard enough to cut glass, by exposing the perfectly burned sugar to a temperature of 1,800 degrees Fahrenheit, in a closed vessel without access of air. It will be an interesting development, as far as regards the production of sugar-yielding crops, if this experimenter shall succeed fully in his designs, and cane and beets come to be grown with a view to their final transformation into diamonds. Truly we are living in a wonderful age.

"S. H. C." writing to the *Tribune*, describes a recent meteor which resembled one which he saw in 1859. We remember very distinctly the great meteor of 1859. It rose in the northwest, like a slow, far-distant sky-rocket. It took a course southeast. Overhead it appeared to be distant a mile, and just past the zenith it broke into two, one part following the other, each being the apparent size of a half moon. "S. H. C." describes color and appearance accurately, though he and we were probably a hundred and fifty miles apart. But he omits two important particulars. The meteor disappeared half way between the zenith and the southeastern horizon; and, overhead, for, say, two seconds, it hissed like water on a stove. We remember this occurrence the more distinctly, because we met a man at the moment, and asked him if he saw the meteor, and he replied, with several negatives in the same sentence, "I don't see no meter, nor I don't see no nothing."

STRIKING A VEIN OF GAS.—Considerable excitement was created at Yuba City, Cal., recently, by the opening of a gas vein at the residence of W. H. Perdue. The discovery was made by E. Whitney, the well-borer, who had been engaged to sink a four-and-a-half inch tube in front of Mr. Perdue's residence, at the lower end of the town. The well had been sunk fifty-two feet deep, when some clayish deposits, having the appearance of coal, were thrown out. This induced Mr. Whitney to apply a match to the mouth of the tubing, when a large blaze of burning gas burst forth and continued to burn during the afternoon, and is still ablaze, unless put out. There is thirty-six feet of water in the tubing, through which this gas bubbles with sufficient force to be heard several feet from the mouth of the pipe. The flame shoots into the air about a foot, and creates a heat strong enough to boil a common-sized kettle of water in five minutes. There is no perceptible smell in the gas, and it burns clear and bright.

PAPER BARRELS.—California produces an enormous quantity of straw, and there is every reason to expect that the amount of straw will continue to increase for some years. There is little use for this straw now, and it is not likely the demand for straw for ordinary uses will keep pace with the production. A large quantity is used by the paper-mills for making wrapper-paper, and mixed with other stock for common printing-paper—but the proportion so used, or that is likely to be so used, is trifling, unless straw-paper can be used for new purposes. The Iowa paper-makers are said to be making paper barrels, air-tight and waterproof, to weigh much less than ordinary barrels, and to stand more rough usage. A manufacturer of these paper barrels predicts that in five years all Western flour shipped East will be packed in paper barrels. There is a point yet to settle—the relative cost of wood barrels and cotton bags compared with paper barrels. There may be another point which only time will clear up. Some years ago a company was formed under patent rights to make barrels of thin veneering cemented together. These barrels and tubs stood moisture for a long time, but eventually burst, and when they burst they gave way entirely. A few months will show whether these paper barrels can stand a moist atmosphere without absorption for any length of time. If they do, and are cheap enough, the straw that supports the ear can be made into barrels to carry the wheat as well as the flour of California to Europe.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

FRED GRANT is engaged.

JULES FAYRE has married an Alsacian refugee.

PARTON will not write Havemeyer's biography.

SUMNER's death cost Massachusetts \$40,000.

NILSSON has sold her property in Peoria, Ill.

If Blaine is President, the United States will be annexed to Maine.

PRESIDENT MCCOY of Princeton spends his Summer in Scotland.

JOHANN STRAUSS has bought a sumptuous palace in Florence.

THE King of the Sandwich Islands will soon visit the principal capitals of Europe.

SENATOR JONES is reported as having the only four-inch hand so far this season at Long Branch.

SEVERAL unpublished volumes of manuscript of the Cape Cod philosopher, Thoreau, have lately been discovered.

MISS RICHARDS, an English girl, walked a thousand miles in a thousand hours, that her father might win a bet of \$250.

KING KOFFER of Ashantee is about to send one of his sons to England, to be educated under the care of the Government.

At the commencement of a Wisconsin academy, eighteen girls played an aria from "La Dame Blanche" on six pianos.

THE REV. HENRY BOHRM, the patriarch of American Methodism, was one hundred years old on June 8th. He has been a preacher seventy-six years.

THE renowned London surgeon and cremation advocate, Sir Henry Thompson, is coming to the United States this Summer. He will visit the Yosemite.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON, an English novelist, has written a romance, called "Clytie," in which Kismet, one of the characters, is another name for Joaquin Miller.

MR. RUSKIN, who is his own publisher, finds that his books do not pay. Therefore, with his usual supreme disregard of political economy, he has doubled the price.

MR. FISK, father of Colonel James Fisk, has presented a fine oil-painting of a cross, worth \$300, to the Universalist Society at Brattleboro. It is to be hung in the church.

A WISCONSIN boy was building a fence. A rattlesnake bit him through the index finger. This boy, only fourteen, picked up an ax, and, laying his finger on a post, chopped it off.

A SAN FRANCISCO man who closed his saloon one night recently, to allow a lady in the rooms above to die quietly, is now suing her heirs for \$350 because they won't pay for his sacrifice.

SOTHERN has played *Dundreary* 4,952 times. If he averaged \$500 for each performance, he has received the enormous sum of \$2,026,000 for his efforts in this one character.

An Illinois druggist recently charged a soda fountain with arsenic instead of marble dust, and nine persons partook of the compound before the mistake was discovered.

It turns out that Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, has gone to Rome expressly to interview the ashes of the great Caesar and to study Cæsarism from a Roman standpoint.

SENATORS THURMAN, LOGAN and SHERMAN, and General Morgan, are announced as among the speakers at a National Soldiers' Reunion to be held in a forest camp near Caldwell, O., on September 15th.

LUCY HOOPER describes Marshal MacMahon's wife as "stout and short and most unattractive looking, in a dress of dark blue silk, with tunic and sleeveless corsage of open-worked black silk, a hat wreathed with pale pink roses, and a bouquet of pink roses in her hand, looking like the housekeeper of some aristocratic family abroad, in her best clothes."

MINNIE MYRTLE MILLER, once the wife of Joaquin Miller, the wandering poet, left Coos Bay, San Francisco, recently in company with her mother, who is in very poor health. She was accompanied by her three children, whom she calls her trinity. The eldest of the girls, Maude Miller, thirteen years of age, is remarkably handsome and attractive, possessing rare intelligence for one so young.

WHEN asked why he did not bring goods by way of Colorado, the Rev. Brigham Young replied: "It is extraordinary, surely! For ten years now, and more, I've bin tryin' to talk it into our people that the Colorado is our true route. But California has done nuthin to open it, or draw us towards her, while New York keeps tight hold of us; and it is mighty hard to change the course of trade and travel." And then he added, by way of comment, "When things git set, it takes a heap to alter 'em, you bet!"

A GEORGIA editor says: "Day before yesterday, while our reporter was standing over the corpse of Mr. Cummins, and tracing the course of the lightning down his body, a stranger stepped up, and said, 'You are a reporter, I know you. I'm a lightning-rod man. This house didn't have one of my rods on it. Now, see the result,' said he, pointing to the corpse. 'Mr. Rice's house over here has one of my rods. The other day the lightning struck his house, and glided off in the ground, actually ashamed of having tried to tackle one of my rods. Now, couldn't you drop me in a little notice?'"

STOKES has comparatively an easy time at Sing Sing. He wears the prison garb; is locked up in his cell at night, but does not go outside of the prison-walls; he is scarcely more confined than any ordinary clerk in a New York mercantile house. His hair, cut short when he entered the prison, is drifting away from the Penitentiary style, and his beard is allowed to grow. He was in the hospital, where he had his quarters night and day, but he is now in the buckle department, where he is clerk, and proves himself an expert bookkeeper. He says he has not been in as good health for years.

DR. WORDSWORTH, Bishop of Lincoln, preached in Westminster Abbey recently, on cremation. He said he could conceive of nothing more barbarous and unnatural, and one of the first fruits of its adoption would be to undermine the faith of mankind in the resurrection of the body, and so bring about a most disastrous social revolution, the end of which it was not easy to foresee. There was no conceivable ground on which the custom, of burning the body could be defended, and were it to be introduced among civilized nations it would confirm and increase the wide-spread licentiousness and immorality which now prevail in all the great capitals of the world.

THE Agricultural editor of the St. Louis *Globe* says, that the Missouri farmer's occupation cannot be considered monotonous. At daylight he gets up and examines the holes round his corn hills for cut-worms until breakfast. The forenoon is devoted to sprinkling potato-bugs with Paris green, and after dinner all hands turn out to pour boiling water on the chinch bugs in the wheat-fields. In the evening the curculio is discouraged, and, after a brief season of family devotion at the shrine of the night-flying coleoptera, all the folks retire and sleep soundly till Aurora renews the east, and the grasshoppers tinkle against the pane and summon them to the labors of another day.



THE OBEAH WOMAN—A WEST INDIA SUPERSTITION.—SKETCHED BY A. TRUMBLE.



THE BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

SUMMER RESORT FOR POOR CHILDREN.

HOME OF THE AID SOCIETY ON STATEN ISLAND.

THE Children's Aid Society of New York has just added a new feature to its long list of philanthropic deeds. It has twenty-two schools for destitute children in New York City, where they are taught, clothed and fed. Several benevolent persons are giving the city's waifs picnics, and furnishing them boats for a day's excursion to the country; but this Society has leased the Thompson Estate—mansion and grounds—on Staten Island, whither it is sending all the pupils of its schools. Each school goes down on Monday, and returns on Saturday. The girls are sent first, and the boys will take their turn on the 1st of August. The estate consists of about fifteen acres, well laid out, a large mansion-house, stables, and fruit-trees of all kinds, with shrubbery and flowers. The piazzas command a fine view of New York, Brooklyn, the harbor, and its picturesque highlands. The children, who are from five to ten years old, never enjoyed themselves so well in the city. They have four meals a day, with plenty of fruit, milk, fresh home-made bread and cake.

The originator of this novel recreation is Mrs. Stokes, wife of one of the partners of Phelps, Dodge & Co. The superintendent is Mrs. Gourley, Matron of the Sixteenth Ward Lodging-house, and Miss Chandler is her assistant. The estate is on the road



SKETCH IN THE DORMITORY.

from Quarantine Landing to Richmond, one mile and a half from the Landing, and near Silver Lake.

We give sketches of the mansion and grounds; the children in their sleeping-room; a dining-room scene, and a group of children drinking milk. In the latter picture one of the little ones represented is a boy. He was the pet of his school, and when his sister was about leaving with the other girls, his grief was so great that he was dressed in girl's clothes and allowed to go with them.

"OBEAH" WORSHIP IN THE WEST INDIES.

AMONG the relics of African barbarism, imported into the West Indies with slavery, is the belief in "Obeah," or witchcraft. There is scarcely a village that has not its particular professor of the Black Art. And their evil influence is not confined to the propagation of an idle superstition alone. They deal in poisons as well, and dispense the deadly drugs without any precaution save that of procuring their price in advance. Thus the most ignorant negro, impelled by a brutish desire for revenge on an enemy, finds a ready means of either destroying that enemy's life, or perhaps, in consequence of the paralyzing power of some of the vegetable poisons used, rendering it a curse to him for the remainder of his days.

The delivery of the charms, potions, etc., is invariably



THE DINING-ROOM.



GIVING FRESH MILK TO THE CHILDREN.

SUMMER RESORT OF THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY ON STATEN ISLAND.

accompanied by an incantation, in which the impostor employs that nightmare of every negro—a *bobba*. This serpent, one of the most venomous of all tropical reptiles, I have often seen twined about the body of some hobbling, hideous crone, who seemed to stand in small dread of its poisonous fangs.

The governments of the colonies have, of late years, taken the punishment of these infamous wretches into their own hands, and there are at present many *soi-disant* "Obeah" men and women serving terms of from ten to twenty years in the different jails.

SAN FRANCISCO.

WE are passing through the Golden Gate, a strait scarcely two miles in breadth and five in length, with bold hill-slopes on either side of it; and then we enter San Francisco Bay. Like everything else in California, this bay is on a great scale: together with its fellow-arms, the San Pablo and Suisun Bay, it has a coast line of 250 miles. In size and security, it is almost matchless as a harbor throughout the world.

Landing at the P. M. S. wharf, we find our way to one of the great hotels of which San Francisco has such an abundant and excellent supply. Even in the short transit from the wharf to the Occidental, we are struck with the most distinguishing feature of the city—its evident rapid growth. "Wal, what do you think of our small village? Pretty well grown'd for a young 'un, ain't it?" Such is the question asked us, a day or two after landing, by the somewhat familiar emancipated negro, who had acted as barber on the *China*. And such, without doubt, is the most remarkable fact connected with San Francisco.

Thirty years ago the land on which it stands was an expanse of sand-hills and salt water, and might have been bought for fifty dollars, and the buyer considered a rash speculator. Now the city contains a population of 160,000—not far from half that of Liverpool or Manchester. It has "grown like a mushroom," though it does not threaten to decay like one.

Following the example of most modern towns, San Francisco has broad, straight streets, which cross each other at right angles, and are lined with tall and tolerably uniform buildings. But stone is scarce and dear in the neighborhood, and in consequence half the houses in the second-rate streets are built of planks, and more than half of those in the principal streets are constructed of iron frame-works filled in with plaster. In many of the streets the pavements are either of planks or bare soil, while the roadways are often of planks also, or of round cobbles-stones. Some large and handsome banks, hotels and business houses help to give a good appearance to Montgomery and California Streets; but even in these best streets the shop-buildings are by no means imposing outwardly, and the city generally cannot lay claim to much beauty or solidity.

In Montgomery Street nearly one shop in four on an average is a money-changer and assayer's, where a miner may sell his "findings," or have his nugget valued, and a traveler change his notes and coin for Californian currency, or buy some of the glittering specimens of auriferous quartz which lie in the shop-window. The city is well supplied with tramways, which run up and down all the principal streets; but there are also very roomy and comfortable hackney-carriages ready to convey any one rich enough (or foolish enough) to pay at the authorized rate of one dollar and a quarter per mile, for one person, and double that amount for two persons! Therefore, let the unwary visitor in the "Californian Paris" count a little loss of dignity better than a greater loss of cash or temper, or both, and condescend to avail himself of the "tram busses," or "street cars," as the natives have it, and pay cheerfully his six cents for a smooth ride over the rails instead of a rough jolt over the neighboring cobbles-stones or planks. Unfortunately, carriage-riding is not the only item on which San Francisco sets her price so high. Ten dollars for a pair of buttoned boots, and twelve for a tweed suit, will go rather to the heart of a stranger; and, if he is an upholder of the time-honored proverb of "taking care of the pence," he will be quite "nonplussed," for he will find in San Francisco no copper coinage in existence, and the nearest approach to a "bit" of the value of ten cents. This latter liberal sum he must pay for a morning paper, or for having his boots "shone," and the same probably for an inch of sticking-plaster, or a reel of cotton. He may as well buy new collars as have them washed, for he will pay two dollars a dozen for having them passed through the laundry. For all this he must console himself in his hotel bill, which he will find an exception to the rule, and really moderate: or he must reflect that twenty years ago he would have had to pay much more. He will meet old "diggers" who will tell him of the times when the price of fowls in San Francisco was six dollars each, when washing was twelve dollars a dozen, when passengers by steamer to Sacramento, en route for "the diggings," paid thirty-five dollars for the voyage of ninety miles, and when the charge for a couple of "cock-tails" at a bar was a pinch of gold-dust, and the man with the biggest fingers paid, therefore, most for his drink.

Scarcity and dearth of manual labor is of course the origin of the high prices here, and already the influx of Chinamen from the West and Germans from the East has had its natural lowering effect on these. The Chinamen, who live on very little, and work very steadily, have already proved sharp competitors with emigrants from other nations; and it seems odd, when we land in San Francisco, and think we have reached the "land of the free," to find a considerable agitation going on with reference to these "intruding Chinamen," whom the emigrants from other countries, and especially those from the Emerald Isle, wish expelled from the State. Of course the wish is not shared by intelligent and respectable Californians, who speak well of the China coolie, and often the reverse of the Irish emigrant.

One of the good points in San Francisco, which strikes us more particularly on coming from the remoteness of Japan, is the proximity of the city to Europe as regards the receipt of news. As our steamer draws alongside the wharf, a man thereon calls out to our incredulous ears that a war is imminent between France and Prussia. Two days afterwards we see posted up in the forenoon in front of a telegraph-office: "The Emperor Napoleon will declare war to-day." The City of San Francisco is eight hours behind London in the matter of time, and she turns this to a good advantage. When her corn-merchants go down to their offices in the morning, they find on their desks a report of the Liverpool market of that morning; each morning paper has two or three columns filled with telegrams of the preceding evening from all parts of Europe; and not unfrequently there appears among these telegrams a notice of the following kind: "The *Times* of to-day has an article in which it says," etc., etc., giving the substance of that morning's "leader."

The population of San Francisco is evidently of a

miscellaneous kind. Natives of the States preponderate, as may be known by the number of black suits and sallow complexions to be met with in every street, as well as by the accents that fall constantly upon the ear; but if we go into any place of general resort—such as one of the many luncheon-rooms of the city—we shall see, along with the native luncher, who is consuming, standing, his three courses of soup, fish, and meat, in about as many minutes, others of a less expeditious turn of mind or digestion, who hail from the chief commercial countries of Europe. In many of the shops of the city, more especially in those of the barbers and tobacconists, we find the irrepressible "black," grown more irrepressible than ever since he was emancipated; and there is one quarter of the city, called "Little China," occupied entirely by emigrants from the "Central Flowery Land."

One great encouragement to the settlement of people from other countries in San Francisco is the moderate and equable nature of its climate. Though the temperature often changes rapidly, it never reaches an extreme either of heat or cold: residents wear the same clothes in Summer as in Winter; and it is said that the mean register of the thermometer in December is only six degrees less than the mean in June. Sea-fogs from the Pacific sweep over the coast regularly during the Summer months, and moderate the effect of the sun; they extend, however, only to a certain distance inland, so that places twenty miles from San Francisco have a climate as different from that of the latter place as if they were separated from it by many degrees of latitude. This is even the case at Oakland, only a few miles from the eastern side of San Francisco Bay, where fogs are rare, and hot Summers and cool Winters are regularly experienced.

Oakland has become a favorite suburb of the Golden City: a park, dotted with good houses, and traversed by broad roads and avenues, is there springing up, as everything does in California, at an astonishing rate, and large ferry-steamers cross the bay thither, so constructed that carriages can be driven on board of them on one side of the bay, and driven off on the other, without delay of any kind.

LUCCA TAKES A KNABE PIANO TO SWITZERLAND.

BEFORE leaving America, Mne. Lucca, the celebrated *prima donna*, wrote the following letter to the famous pianoforte manufacturers, Wm. Knabe & Co. It is a brilliant and well-deserved testimonial to the superior excellence of their instruments, and its value is enhanced by the fact that she proved her sincerity by purchasing from the firm a \$1,200 Knabe Grand Piano, which was shipped to Baron Von Wallhoffen, her husband, last week. Wm. Knabe & Co. can add the Lucca testimonial to the long list of flattering credentials tendered to them voluntarily by many of the most eminent artists of the world. The Lucca letter is as follows:

New York, June 27, 1874.

Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co.:
GENTLEMEN: Referring to our late conversation, I have concluded to order one of your Parlor Grands, described in your catalogue as style No. 4, price \$1,200. Please make an extra fine selection for me, and ship same by first steamer after next week, marked, "Baron Von Wallhoffen" (Bahn Restant), Luzerne, Switzerland. At the same time I avail myself of this opportunity to reiterate to you my unqualified appreciation of your admirable instruments, expressed to you on former occasions, and to add that the continued use of them during my stay in this country, and frequent comparisons of them with the pianos of the other leading makes of America, have only confirmed my conviction that your pianos have no rival, but surpass all other makes I have tested, either in this country or in Europe. They combine all the essentials of a really perfect piano, immense power with exquisite sweetness, and perfect blending with the voice, wonderful endurance with a most delightful, easy, and at the same time elastic touch; and, what is also of great importance, extraordinary firmness in keeping in tune. After the experience I had with other pianos, I really did not think it was possible to construct instruments requiring so little tuning as I found those which I used of your make. I have really become so attached to your piano that in parting from this country I do not wish to part from them, and concluded therefore to have one of your Grands to accompany me to Europe. With best thanks for all your kind attentions, and sincerest wishes for the continued success which you so highly deserve. Yours, very truly,

PAULINE LUCCA.

THE RUSH COMMENCING.

It has commenced, and is rolling in a volume like an ocean tide—the rush for tickets for the fifth and last grand gift concert of the Public Library of Kentucky. Everybody knows that this is the last concert which can be given, and everybody knows, too, that there will be \$2,500,000 in cash distributed to the ticket-holders, and nobody wants to be last in securing a ticket when such prizes of \$250,000, \$100,000, \$75,000, \$50,000, \$25,000, five of \$20,000, etc., etc., are to be distributed. There is no time to trifle—all talk is business.

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FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

BUT ONE of our exchanges fails to remark "Hail, Columbia!" and its editor is sick.

DENIQUE surrounds its dead with pleasant memories, by laying out a race course around a cemetery.

A BUFFALO editor never takes time by the back hair. He simply casts the eye of his mind across the chasm of centuries.

A MAN in Weston, Mo., fired in the dark at a man who was stealing his corn, and next day the county sheriff was around with his arm in a sling.

WHEN a Chicago man loses the respect of the community he takes his shot-gun and starts out to kill an alderman as the only means of being restored to popular esteem.

A MAN from Placerville, Cal., when asked by a Saratoga waiter what he would have for breakfast, replied: "Well, I rather guess I'll just flop my lip over a chicken."

INDIANAPOLIS was called "the second Chicago," recently, and immediately a crew of uncles, with a cargo of gold balls, and a dozen dollar-store men, started for the Hoosier metropolis.

GEORGE ELIOT is offered £10,000 for the novel she is now engaged in. We don't want to underbid anybody, but we are a little pushed for money just now, and will dash off a novel for £9,000.

THE London *Spectator* says, "There is nothing more mysterious than the unsolicited and uncriticising love of an animal for man." Did the *Spectator* ever try to carry the hind leg of a mule?

SIMON GRAY, of Port Hope, Del., shot himself because some one left a baby on his door-step. How much better to have picked up the infant and softly handed it along to the house around the corner!

A WRITER on women says, "It were better for woman if love were less to her," and then he went home and his wife kept him awake half the night jawing because he left home in the morning without sawing wood enough to do the baking.

HOW BOTH the busy little pig improve each shining hour, and gather sausages all day from every opening flower. And when the shades of twilight fall, he slumbers in his sty, or sings his pretty evening hymn—"Root, little pig, or die."

MILWAUKEE SENTINEL: "It is not our fault that we are red-headed and small; and the next time one of those overgrown rural roosters in a ball-room reaches down for our head, and suggests that some fellow has lost a rosebud out of his button-hole, there will be trouble."

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Tickets can be had at the office on the dock; also at 944 Broadway, New York; 4 Court Street, Brooklyn; and Baggage checked to destination. Freight received until the hour of departure. 17

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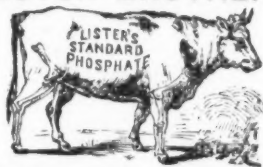


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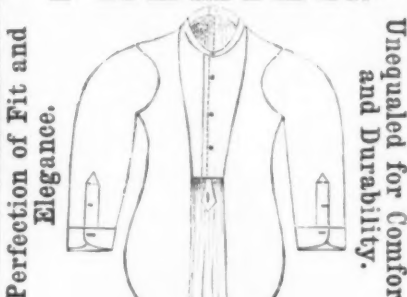
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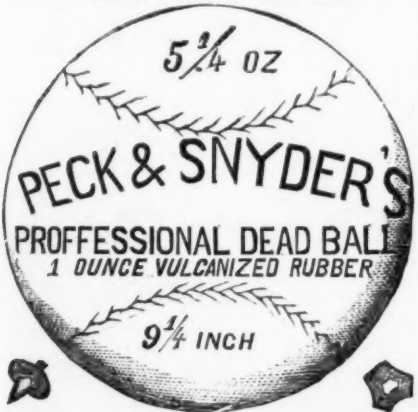
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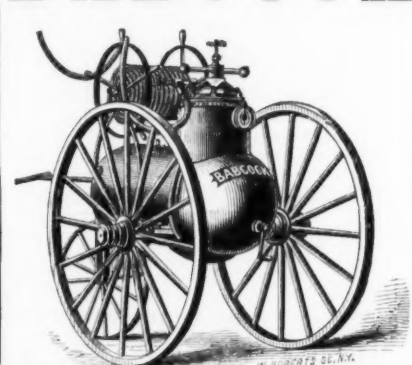
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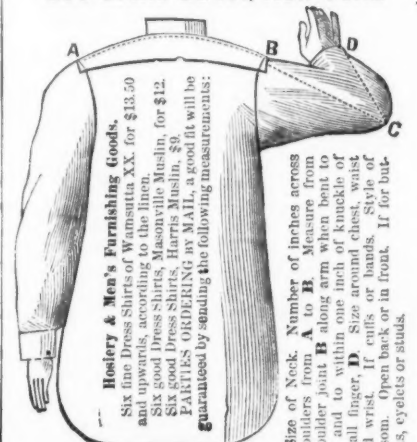
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